

# Américas

MARCH



COLOMBIA



BOLIVIA



PANAMA



BRAZIL



PARAGUAY



URUGUAY



GUATEMALA



Pan American Day,  
April 14



EL SALVADOR



DOMINICAN REPUBLIC



ARGENTINA



CUBA



VENEZUELA



NICARAGUA



ECUADOR



CHILE



HONDURAS



HAITI



PERU



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



MEXICO



COSTA RICA



# Américas

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## Dear Reader

If someone asked you for a capsule description of the Organization of American States, what would you come up with? To give the public a fair idea in a brief but graphic presentation of this many-faceted organization that touches twenty-one different nations in countless ways is not easy. At least, that was the conclusion of those who were assigned the task of boiling down such information to the bare essentials. What they came up with was a documentary film entitled "The OAS—A Digest of Its Activities."

During 1957, 385 telecasts throughout the United States will feature this film on the OAS, which can also be lent to organizations, schools and colleges, and other groups. Of fourteen minutes' duration, it is a sixteen-millimeter film available in color or in black and white.

So that our readers in the United States can take advantage of the opportunity to know more about their OAS, we have listed below dates and hours of scheduled telecasts of the film so far announced for March, April, May, and June.

Meanwhile, the OAS Secretary General inaugurated a new international amateur hour on television, which originates every Saturday in Mexico City. The winners of the competition in Mexico will compete against United States amateurs in New York City to determine the international winners. "In the twenty-three years its counterpart has been transmitted by radio and television in the United States," Dr. Mora said, "the Amateur Hour has demonstrated that today's amateur may well be tomorrow's star of opera, concert hall, screen, and television. That the directors of this well-known show have decided to extend it to include Latin America attests to their appreciation of the latent talent there and to the fact that Latin American countries have contributed so much to the world's music and have profoundly influenced modern musical composition."

### THE EDITORS

#### OAS TELECASTS

March	4	11:00 P.M.	WTVY-TV Dothan, Alabama
March	22	6:30 P.M.	WCBI-TV Columbus, Mississippi
April	4	12:30 P.M.	WMTW-TV Poland Spring, Maine
April	20	5:30 P.M.	WLEV-TV Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
April	20	6:00 P.M.	WLEV-TV Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
April	24	2:00 P.M.	WFBG-TV Altoona, Pennsylvania
April	25	3:00 P.M.	KIDO-TV Boise, Idaho
April	27	5:00 P.M.	WSVA-TV Harrisonburg, Virginia
May	5	6:30 P.M.	KOTI-TV Klamath Falls, Oregon
May	8	2:30 P.M.	WBTW-TV Florence, South Carolina
May	8	6:30 P.M.	KOTI-TV Klamath Falls, Oregon
May	19	11:00 A.M.	WVEC-TV Norfolk, Virginia
May	22	9:00 P.M.	WISE-TV Asheville, North Carolina
May	25	1:30 P.M.	WSPA-TV Spartanburg, South Carolina
June	1	11:30 A.M.	WIMA-TV Lima, Ohio

Opposite: Pen-and-ink portrait of cellist Pablo Casals in imitation of dry-point etching, drawn from life by Puerto Rican artist Lorenzo Homar for poster announcing Casals' appearance in Mayagüez (see page 11)



*Moacyr E. Álvaro, Brazilian eye doctor, pioneered international effort*

battle



against blindness

**BETTY REEF**

FOR MOST of the busy, pre-Easter visitors rushing through the lobby of the Statler Hotel in New York, the Congress of the Pan American Association of Ophthalmology, April 7 to 10, as announced on the directory, probably will not excite a flicker of interest. Everybody takes Hemisphere cooperation more or less for granted and agrees that medical interchange is vital. Yet only a short twenty years ago such pooling of professional knowledge among eye specialists of North and Latin America would have been impossible. There was no initiator, no planner, no organizer, no coordinator, no promoter for the PAAO kind of undertaking. That is, there was none until a medical world citizen named Moacyr E. Álvaro, of São Paulo, Brazil, realized how much the advancement of medicine in South America depended on closer contact with North America. He is now Executive Director of PAAO, an international association of two thousand ophthalmologists (eye doctors qualified to perform surgery on this delicate organ, though most of their cases are non-surgical).

This indefatigable fifty-seven-year-old Brazilian's avocation is efficiency management, which he has apparently pursued with unremitting success, since he has somehow found time, while maintaining a full schedule of teaching and medical practice, to organize congresses of eye doctors at home and abroad and to serve as an officer; to instigate public-health campaigns for the prevention of blindness; to help found both an ophthalmological studies center and a glaucoma clinic in São Paulo; to develop a specialty within a specialty by becoming an

authority on uveitis, an inflammation of the eyeball that causes about 11 per cent of all blindness.

There is, in fact, no subject in ophthalmology on which he is not knowledgeable. He has addressed colleagues all over Latin America, the United States (including Alaska and Hawaii), Canada, and Europe. His publications, numbering some two hundred, cover every eye malady, from infections of the newborn to senile deterioration. He has written about the legal aspects of industrial eye accidents, visual defects affecting night driving, lighting problems in relation to eye hygiene, social service in an eye clinic, reading difficulties as a cause of retardation in school, raising teaching standards in ophthalmology, improving international medical communication, and so on and on.

Organized ophthalmology faces a real challenge in

*Ophthalmologist Álvaro wears monocle to correct vision in one eye*



BETTY REEF, a New York free-lance writer and public-relations consultant, has contributed to many magazines both in the United States and in Europe.



this Hemisphere. Canada's five hundred eye doctors serve fifteen million people. The United States has about ten thousand ophthalmologists for a population of some 170,000,000. For this same number of inhabitants, Latin America has only two thousand eye doctors, either concentrated in major centers or isolated in vast stretches of mountains and jungle.

Scientific advances, according to Dr. Alvaro, double the world's medical knowledge every two years. Eyesight, perhaps even life itself, depends on spreading the latest information to doctors in the shortest possible time. Much is accomplished by professional journals, of which there are already so many that the average doctor finds it difficult to keep up with "the literature." But language barriers, the time lag between discovery and publication, and the lack of two-way exchange cut down their effectiveness. On the other hand, a meeting far from home removes the doctor from the constant demands of his practice, allows uninterrupted concentration on new material, and provides, through the give and take of discussion, the answers to his questions.

By talent and inclination, Moacyr Alvaro was the perfect agent to get PAAO launched. The soft-spoken, urbane physician knows four languages in addition to his native Portuguese: Spanish, English, French, and German. He is gregarious, and people respond to his youthful high spirits and good humor. A passionate traveler, he has been filling passports with assorted visas and entry stamps since his days as a graduate student.

After a general medical education in Brazil, he went to Europe in 1923 to round out his specialist training via the "Grand Tour," as his father, also an eye doctor, had done. A few years of study and internship abroad was then considered *de rigueur*. "My heart was not in medicine," Dr. Alvaro told me in a recent series of interviews. "My father suggested orthopedics as the field of the future, but I had no serious plans for a medical career. As a matter of fact, I mapped out my future as a sort of playboy who gets rich on the side as a gentleman coffee farmer and ends up a financier. I chose ophthalmology for my regular profession because it was economical, since I could use my father's medical equipment and instruments instead of buying new ones."

He spent two years in Vienna, learning his specialty and sampling the diversions of that cosmopolitan city. An athlete and *bon vivant*, he was active at tennis, swimming, sailing, and wine drinking. Though of only medium height and rather slight build, the blond, blue-eyed Brazilian also became quite a dashing figure on the ski slopes of the Austrian Alps. Then he went to Berlin as assistant to a famous ophthalmologist at the Berlin Polyclinic and was soon caught up in Germany's rigorous medical system. During a brief period when he took charge of the clinic and practice of the chief of staff, he discovered that he enjoyed teaching and loved the practice of medicine.

By 1926, when he came home to hang out his shingle in São Paulo, he had already developed a social conscience. Brazilian eye doctors had just begun to try to improve their practice by exchanging experiences. A new

journal of eye medicine appeared in Rio de Janeiro. São Paulo eye men formed a society, and other cities followed suit. Dr. Alvaro helped organize the first Brazilian Congress of Ophthalmology, held under the auspices of the São Paulo society in 1935, and became its secretary general. The meeting proved so rewarding that congresses are now held biennially, drawing doctors even from adjoining countries.

Dr. Alvaro set a policy of requesting as many members as possible to present papers, without much regard for their quality. This tends to depress the scientific caliber of the meetings, but he believes that doctors who practice in isolated communities have a deep need to express their ideas. He feels that the function of the meetings is as much to stimulate the profession by giving recognition as to educate the doctors. And the good papers still get their hearing.

One of the earliest public-health measures of the São Paulo group was a prevention-of-blindness campaign instigated by Alvaro. Gonorrheal infection in newborn babies was the leading cause of blindness in Brazil. This had been wiped out in more advanced areas of the world by simply washing the eyes of newborn infants



Brazilian doctor in surgery. Ophthalmologists are only eye doctors qualified to operate

with silver-nitrate solution. In cooperation with the government, the society waged two national information campaigns, using leaflets for general distribution, personal letters to the mayors of every town and village, posters, newspaper features, flyers, and radio. A special effort was made to reach midwives, many of whom were using any silver solution—Argyrol, for instance—though only silver nitrate could do the job. For those who could not or would not read, recordings of a woman's voice giving information and instruction were broadcast all over the country.

However, the society's basic aim has been to keep its members abreast of advances. Dr. Alvaro has always

been driven by the thought that people were losing their sight because doctors did not learn and apply quickly the continuing discoveries in medicine. With a group of associates, he founded the Ophthalmological Studies Center, where medical graduates and practicing physicians can take advanced courses in new techniques. In 1937, two years after its founding, the Center had its own building with a staff of twenty-five oculists, plus nurses and laboratory technicians. Nearly 350 eye doctors from all parts of South America have now studied at the Center, which limits enrollment in its short, intensive courses to eighty students a year. Associated with the Paulista School of Medicine, it gives the only advanced training in ophthalmology on the continent. Dr. Alvaro lectures regularly at the Center's staff meetings and has served several times as its president.

One of its major programs is orthoptics. These are techniques for treating strabismus—squint or cross eyes—by muscle exercise. Though knowledge of orthoptics had come to South America ten years ago from the United States and England, the techniques themselves were not known. Dr. Alvaro imported the necessary instruments and sent to London for a trained orthoptic technician to teach at the Center.

He also set up in the Center a glaucoma clinic, the first in South America, headed by Dr. Renato de Toledo. Glaucoma is a fairly common ailment that can be controlled if caught early. In this disease, improper drainage of the fluid that fills the eyeball creates pressure,



*Founders of Pan American Association of Ophthalmology at 1942 meeting in New York City: Dr. Moacyr Alvaro of São Paulo, Secretary-General for South America; the late Dr. Harry Gradle of Chicago, then President of the Congress; and Dr. Conrad Berens of New York City, Secretary-General for North America*

causing hardness of the eye and eventual blindness. In the past, there was neither the knowledge nor the equipment to make the early diagnosis that could save sight. Now every patient who comes to the eye clinic is tested with a tonometer, an instrument invented in Scandinavia to measure pressure within the eyeball. The Center also runs a tonometer testing station in order to standardize the instruments used all over the country.

Glaucoma sufferers require continual follow-up. As part of his campaign to spread medical information to



*Glaucoma clinic set up by Dr. Alvaro in São Paulo was the first in South America*

Brazil's farthest reaches, Dr. Alvaro has arranged that each patient go back to his home town with complete records made by modern techniques and instruments. The patient turns these over to his local doctor for continuing care. Frequently this report is an upcountry doctor's first contact with current methods of diagnosing and treating glaucoma. Not only is his interest provoked, but he must save face with his patient by going on with the kind of examination and treatment the patient now expects. The doctor is thus obliged to keep up with advances.

The clinic is now the best equipped of any in South America. Its services are free to the poor and available to all for a fee of less than fifty cents a visit. The fees help support the clinic, which operates as an independent enterprise.

Dr. Alvaro is the only full professor in ophthalmology at the Paulista School of Medicine, where he teaches three days a week. Under Brazilian law, university professors cannot merely supervise their courses but must personally put in two thirds of the actual teaching time. Though he finds the schedule taxing, Dr. Alvaro has continued it for years. He uses his teaching stipend to help support the Study Center's clinic, and from every trip abroad he brings back the latest equipment available.

Dr. Alvaro keeps office hours daily except Wednesdays for his private practice, in which he has two associates. The office is an old residence that houses three nurses, three secretaries, an orthoptic technician and assistant, an office girl, and a housekeeping staff. Rich and poor bring him their eye maladies. Often they come without appointment and sit patiently in the waiting room. The doors close at 7:00 P.M. but the doctor stays on until everyone has been seen. "These are sick people," he explains. "Some have traveled twenty-four hours in trains and planes to reach my office."

Dr. Alvaro's wife, a vivacious Yankee from Massachusetts, has been attending medical conventions with her husband every year for the ten years of their marriage.

They first met in London, and their international courtship culminated in a Long Island wedding. Helen Pomeroy became Mrs. Moacyr Eyck Alvaro Marques da Silva da Cunha e Fernandes. The name belongs to an old family with a coat of arms and the "right to have servants, arms, and horses," granted by the Portuguese Crown in the sixteenth century. In 1817, the family moved to Brazil. Dr. Alvaro's father, a practical man, considered most of the name superfluous.

Like a mark of distinction, each of the Álváros wears a monocle. The doctor learned to use his as a student in Austria and finds it handy—"quite useful when only one eye needs correction." As for Mrs. Alvaro, she wore a monocle long before she ever met her husband.

Both are alert and inquisitive. Mrs. Alvaro says that her husband studies the geography, history, and economy of each country they visit and makes a point of talking to the man in the street to get the feel of the social climate. The careful grooming of his surgeon's hands is due to the fact that manicurists have proved to be a fine source of information. Seated, at ease, glad of a chance to talk, they fill him in on details about the life of the average working man.

Not even a 1955 plane accident in Switzerland that kept him hospitalized for two months dampened the doctor's ardor for air travel. He still walks with a slight limp and must frequently rest his arm in a sling, but he has made his injuries a source of amusement by acquiring a complete wardrobe of arm slings—tweeds for sportswear, dark tones for formal occasions, white for appearances in the operating room.

Recently his work has become more consultative and advisory. Yet he keeps up a full schedule of teaching and medical practice, spending only sixty to seventy-five days a year abroad and always combining work with vacations. Neither the wealthy man nor financier of his youthful aspirations, he finances his travel out of earnings as an eye specialist. None of the work for the PAAO or other groups he promotes is salaried. The lectures and papers he delivers around the world receive only honorary token payment.

The Álváros live in the Pacaembu residential section, in a small modern house. The companions who share their home—and ruin their garden—are two huge St. Bernards. On Fridays, Helen Alvaro is hostess at dinner at home for a "little United Nations"—the South American doctors enrolled at the Studies Center. On Wednesdays, her husband pursues a serious hobby, IDORT, the Instituto de Organização Racional do Trabalho, Brazil's efficiency organization. His association with it started twenty years ago during a personal survey he was making of eye injuries in industry. He soon became its president, and initiated a series of studies and public campaigns to raise standards not only in industry, but in public education, housing, civil service, nutrition, and transportation. Dr. Alvaro recently retired with the title of "Grand President Emeritus," but he goes on working with IDORT as busily as ever. After years of leading IDORT's delegation to meetings of the CIOS (Comité International de l'Organisation Scientifique, a society for

social progress through scientific management), he became CIOS deputy president and now spearheads the movement to organize the many affiliates in North and South America into a regional Hemisphere group.

He has also presided over the International Association of Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Society Secretaries, another of his brain children. He started this as an inter-American society, but its scope has since spread over the globe. However unexalted the title, the secretary of a professional association is both its soul and its backbone. Dr. Alvaro pulled strings across the ocean to get them together, as another avenue for the international exchange of medical data.

For his lifelong fight against blindness, he has received more honors than he can count. One was his appointment as consulting surgeon to the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, the oldest U.S. hospital of its kind. He is a member of the Royal Society of Medicine of



*Dapper Dr. Alvaro, his arm in one of slings for which his wardrobe is famous, poses with Dr. Brittain F. Payne of New York, President of the Pan American Association of Ophthalmology*

London. At home he belongs to the Brazilian College of Surgeons and the National Academy of Medicine of Brazil. Many local groups have conferred honorary membership on him, and those of Argentina and Chile claim him as a corresponding member.

But the project in which he takes most pride as organizer is the Pan American Association of Ophthalmology. With the rise of commercial aviation in the late thirties he realized that a Hemisphere society of eye doctors would be feasible. On his first long plane trip, in 1937, he sounded out eye doctors in every Latin American country on his route on getting together every few years. "Oddly enough," he said, "those most isolated seemed least interested."

The next year he was invited to address the annual meeting of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, an organization of U.S. and Canadian eye, ear, and throat specialists. He was amazed at its quality. "I suddenly realized that the United States was now the world leader in medicine, taking over the mantle from Europe," he said. "The very qualities that



make Europe so fascinating also impede progress. Germans, English, French, Italians, Scandinavians speak different tongues, have different patterns of thinking, different approaches to research and teaching." As an example he cited uveitis, on which he is a recognized authority. As with many other diseases, European medicine could make little headway against it because opinion was so divided. Yet he found common opinion on diagnosis and treatment in the U.S.A., the result of research under high and uniform standards.

He attributes U.S. medical leadership in part to the dynamic expansion of this new nation, which forced the teaching of medicine on a much broader scale than in older countries. Research and practice were not handicapped by the weight of traditional bodies of knowledge, hidebound approaches. There were no language barriers and no borders. "I think, too, that progress is a matter of impetus. You start to discover. The information spreads. This stimulates others to try. The whole thing gains momentum."

At a congress in Cairo, in 1937, Dr. Alvaro met the late Dr. Harry S. Gradle, a prominent U.S. ophthalmologist who later headed the American Academy. After Alvaro's election to the Academy, he, Dr. Gradle, and Dr. Conrad Berens formed a committee to organize a Pan American Congress for 1940. Alvaro undertook the heroic job of spreading the news to the scattered and largely unorganized eye men of South and Central America.

Two hundred North Americans attended the first inter-American meeting in Cleveland, Ohio. Disappointingly, only twenty-five managed the trip from south of the border. Time, expense, hazards of wartime travel, all interfered. War delayed plans for the next meeting. However, Dr. Alvaro shuttled among the twenty-two nations, recruiting future PAAO members. A congress finally convened in Montevideo at the war's end. This time five hundred Latin Americans came, but few North Americans. At the third congress, in Havana in 1948, the turnout was tremendous: fourteen hundred registrations of eye specialists and their families, about two thirds from the U.S.A. At the next full-scale congress, four years later in Mexico City, which brought fifteen hundred people together, Dr. Alvaro was elected president.

Planning starts about two years before a congress meets. "An international congress is like a theater show," says Alvaro. "Even if tickets are expensive, people go if the actors and play are good and the performance well directed." The PAAO program committee proposes subjects and invites top men from different countries to prepare papers. Their lectures are reviewed for clarity and content, for Alvaro firmly believes that scientific material does not necessarily have to be abstruse. Anyone, he says, can learn to express himself clearly, though perhaps not poetically, so long as he thinks clearly.

The last full-dress congress took place in 1956 in Santiago. In spite of the distance, the twelve hundred registrants included four North Americans for every three Latin Americans. In a special ceremony, Dr. Alvaro handed the gavel to Dr. Brittain F. Payne, the

Association's new president, and took over the position of executive director, an office created especially for him. With clerical assistance, he continues the enormous effort behind the scenes for future conventions. It takes as many as thirty-eight individual letters, for example, to produce one delegate.

What has PAAO actually accomplished? Its committee on prevention of blindness produced the first definitive survey of blindness in the Western Hemisphere. Through Association offices, leading U.S. eye doctors have visited Latin American countries to give lectures. The compliment implied has led many to study Spanish or Portuguese so they can deliver their talks in the language of their hosts. *Ophthalmologia Ibero-Americana*, an abstract journal founded and edited by Moacyr Alvaro, has become PAAO's official publication. Distributed to members, it carries original scientific articles, plus abstracts and book reviews. The Association has obtained fellowships for U.S. post-graduate study by Latin American eye doctors, through the generosity of the Kellogg Foundation. It has translated into Spanish a comprehensive standard text, *The Eye and Its Diseases*, edited by Dr. Conrad Berens. It has assembled for distribution from Dr. Alvaro's office a lending library of microscopic slides of eye diseases, prepared at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary and at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington. This Institute also makes its tissue-analysis service available to members. Through PAAO they can make contact whenever necessary with every Hemisphere center of eye medicine.

The Association encourages the setting up of examining boards in every country, similar to the American Board of Ophthalmology, which has been very influential in raising standards. It has active committees at work in every branch of the profession, carrying out a tradition of the profession to stay in the medical vanguard. Most of the physicians of ancient Greece were eye doctors. The very first international medical assembly of any kind was a congress of eye doctors in Brussels in 1857.

Although most contributions to ophthalmology in terms of discovery and improvement flow from north to south, there has already been some useful exchange in the other direction, particularly in the area of so-called tropical disease. To take another example: "You have probably heard of the snake farms of São Paulo," Dr. Alvaro said. "We have two, one privately managed and one state-run. Because snake bite is so often fatal to cattle in Brazil, farmers are encouraged to trap poisonous snakes and send them to the snake farms in exchange for serum. Some don't need serum and ask for a pair of good boots or a machete instead. On request, these are sent. In any case, what we knew about the properties of snake venom was interesting enough for the American Academy to ask me to report on it some time ago. I gave a paper on hemocoagulase, a blood-clotting agent extracted from the venom of the Bothrops snake, which is useful in certain kinds of surgery. Since then, the substance has been sent to many U.S. doctors who asked for it. This is only one small indication of the two-way exchange to come." ♦ ♦ ♦

# WHAT IS THE CHOCO?

JORGE ARTEL

EVERYONE in Latin America has heard of the untapped riches in the Colombian Chocó, but few have more than a vague idea of what this legendary region is really like. A few years ago I made the trip in a small seagoing vessel from the Caribbean port of Cartagena, Colombia, around to the Gulf of Urabá and up the Atrato River to Quibdó, the capital of Chocó Department. The most enthusiastic rain-making in the movies could never touch the pyrotechnics of the tropical storm that accompanied my introduction to the region.

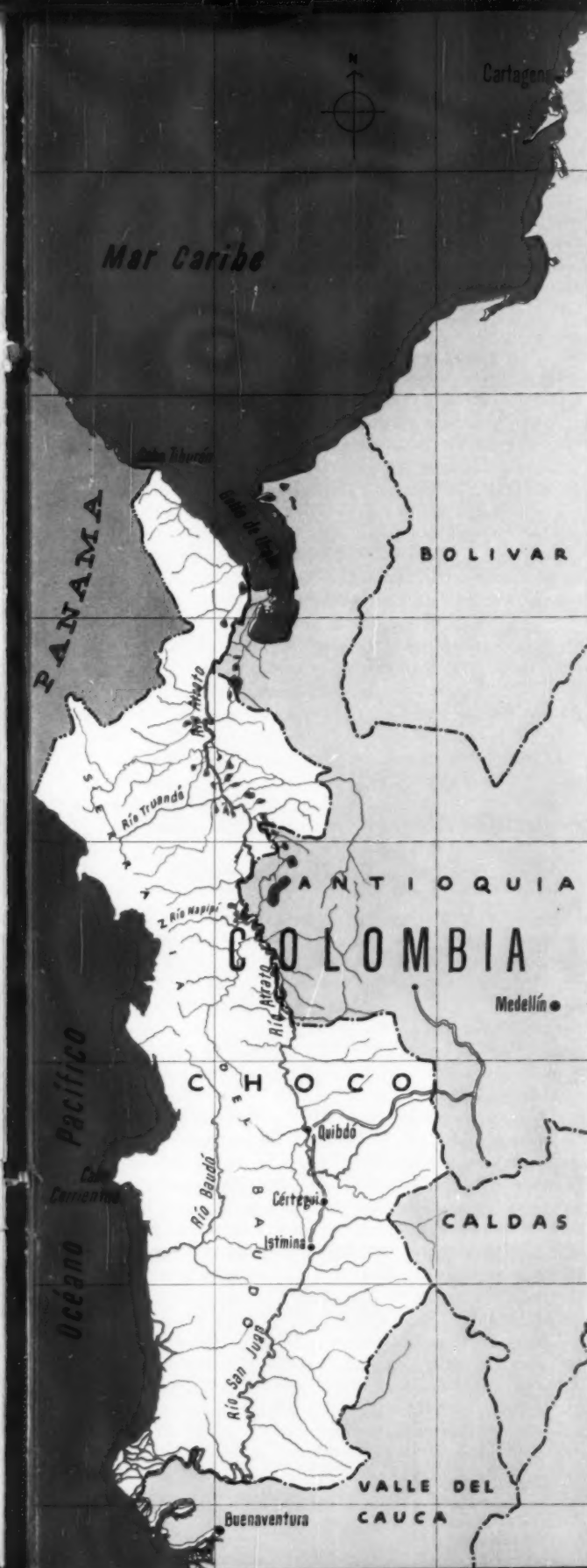
It was about eight in the morning, and we had just entered the mouth of the river, when a humid breeze came up. Within seconds, heavy rain drops splattered all about us, and the heavens were streaked with dazzling lightning flashes. Soon the turbulent sky and both river banks, where the trees were catching fire from the insistent bolts, were completely obscured by a heavy curtain of water that cut visibility to a few yards.

Under the whiplash of the mounting gale and the pressure of the downpour, the launch shook as if it were about to burst asunder. Below, in the engine room, the signal bell clanged stridently, demanding more speed. There was a moment of terrible struggle between ship and current, as if we were about to be trapped in a maelstrom. For what seemed an eternity we were blinded by the lightning and deafened by the furiously beating rain. Again the bell sounded in the engine room. Finally the little ship straightened up, gathered speed, and conquered the powerful current. Several hours later the sky cleared, and during the rest of the voyage only a slanting rain persisted. According to the crew, such a storm was a common occurrence in those waters.

Chocó Department, at once rich and poor, has a population of about 130,000—Negroes, mostly, and a few whites and Indians. Stretching south for about three hundred and twenty miles from Cape Tiburón and the eastern border of Panamá, it rests on deposits of gold and platinum and is full of tall, exuberant forests containing an astonishing variety of valuable woods. The somber forest dominates the whole department, like a dramatic character in a novel.

Bathed by two oceans, the Chocó is irrigated by in-

JORGE ARTEL, a native of Cartagena, the port that handles most of the outside trade with the Chocó, is a leading Colombian poet whose work is representative of the Negro writers of the country's coastal region.



numerable rivers and streams that glide imposingly through the inhospitable, aggressive landscape. As you travel up them, you see long lines of trees charred by lightning, raising their bare branches to the sky in an almost human gesture amidst the few cultivated fields of crops that somehow have survived the torrential wet season.

The world of the people who work those fields is bounded by the river current, the tiny planted area, and a patch of sky loaded with storm clouds. The only contact with civilization is the little steamers that ply between Cartagena and Quibdó, stopping to barter goods or leave food, tobacco, kerosene, and other provisions.

The region's two main valleys, watered by the Atrato and San Juan rivers and separated by the San Pablo Isthmus, are known, respectively, as Lower and Upper Chocó. Here the hard frown of the landscape softens and nature becomes kindly, in marked contrast to the impression of impending danger conveyed by the dense forests and the lonely reaches of the rivers.

Along the Pacific coast rises the Baudó ridge, an extension of the Western Andes. The coast north of Cape Corrientes is steep and narrow; to the south it is flat. All along it, there are bays—Solano, Chirechire, Utria, and Humboldt, among others. On the Caribbean side of the Chocó, the shoreline of Urabá Gulf is mostly craggy, but occasionally the land is low and accessible, with good anchorage.

Like the Atrato, the San Juan and Baudó rivers (which flow south and turn westward into the Pacific) are navigable by seagoing vessel two-thirds of their courses and by small launch and canoe farther upstream. A hundred and fifty tributaries and 350 brooks pour their waters into the Atrato, which ranks among the strongest streams in the world, dumping an average of 6,410 cubic yards of water a second into the sea.

Commissions of experts, both Colombian and foreign, have frequently explored the possibility of using the main Chocó rivers and tributaries as a route for an alternative inter-oceanic canal. But proposals to link the Atrato with Humboldt Bay, using the waters of the Truandó, or with Limón Bay, following the Napipí, have been indefinitely postponed.

Since the rise of aviation in Colombia the Chocó has had air service, with landing fields at Quibdó and Istmina. For the rest, two roads render valuable service to a limited area, one linking Quibdó with Antioquia Department, the other running from the capital to Istmina and Cértegui; horse trails connect the various valleys.

Quibdó, the capital, with around thirty-nine thousand people, is 140 feet above sea level, and has an average temperature of 84 degrees Fahrenheit. Other centers of population are Istmina, Condoto, Riosucio, El Carmen—thirteen municipalities in all.

Chocó towns are enveloped by the forest. Everywhere you look you find the tall, dark trees guarding the huts on stilts along the river. As you walk the streets you feel overwhelmed by the vegetation as you are brushed by the giant leaves along the path.

Man's heroic battle against the environment extends

even to built-up areas. Below the surface, the stubborn roots of what were once wild thickets push up new shoots, as if the voracious jungle were reluctant to yield to progress. In the excellent museum of the Quibdó Normal School I was shown thirty poisonous snakes that were captured right in the school patio.

Because of his endless struggle, the Chocoan is resourceful and eager to improve himself. In the cities you find the bustle of commerce, a certain spontaneous intellectual ferment, a genuine spirit of contentment that is no front for tourists, and a frankness that fits this setting in which nature's weight is always felt. Hospitality and simplicity are other marks of the Chocoan.

The Department's agriculture suffers from instability and uncertainty. In an attempt to avoid the floods that come with the long wet seasons, which are referred to as "winter," the farmers are forced to keep changing the site of their planting. Hence there is only small-scale production of a few basic crops, mainly cacao. In Sautatá a sugar mill and plantation near the Atrato has some 3,460 acres under cultivation; almost its entire output is sold in the Cartagena market.

Several sawmills shatter the silence of the forests with the metallic whir of machinery, evidence of the human effort that little by little is conquering those solitudes. Even without modern equipment, the lumber industry thrives. Rubber trees, too, are being exploited.

Cattle raising has only made a start in the Chocó, but it is being encouraged, and the regular fairs at El Carmen are popular with landowners from neighboring Antioquia Department as well as from the Chocó. Most people depend on the simplest form of fishing and hunting to supplement their diet.

But the real basis of the region's economy is the exploitation of gold and platinum. From the earliest days Chocó river beds have been a ceaseless fountain of these riches. Though the country people's mining methods are still primitive and experimental, the big companies have installed modern machinery, powerful dredges to scoop the rich dirt directly from the channels, and their own power plants. At Vuelta de Andágueda, for example, Chocó Pacífico has a 2,000-kilowatt installation.

Many years ago the Chocó enjoyed an odd but temporary boom when a large silver coin called the *patacona* continued to circulate there after it had been officially withdrawn. As a result, traders who ventured into the area bought everything they could lay their hands on in order to unload their *pataconas*, and there was always plenty of coin in the district. During the same period there were no regulations on the exploitation of gold and platinum. But when legal codes were adopted restricting mining activities, and the *patacona* was finally barred from commerce, the dreams of a new El Dorado faded.

Educational opportunities are offered in normal schools and the University Institute of Quibdó; students can go on to professional courses in Bogotá, Medellín, or Cartagena. Every year the country's leading universities graduate many Chocoans as agronomists, civil engineers, architects, and doctors specializing in tropical diseases





Bananas are paddled to market on Cajón River in Chocó Department, Colombia



Andagoya port serves gold mines run by Chocó Pacifico. Area economy depends on precious metals



Town hall of Riosucio. Riverside buildings on stilts are typical of Chocó



PBV lands at Quibdó, Chocó capital. Town also has one of department's two airstrips



Government-sponsored recreation area in center of Quibdó is always full of children



Square in Quibdó. Chocó towns were hacked out of jungle and wage constant war against it



Public secondary school, Quibdó. Graduates take advanced training outside department



New wing of San Francisco Hospital in Quibdó, supported by Lions Club of America



Indians from the jungle join city people for annual Quibdó festival



Istmina street scene. Daily bus from Quibdó (background) has just arrived



Sawmill at Andagoya. Chocó forests contain almost sixty varieties of woods



Fresh meat for Andagoya camp must be flown in from outside



All Andagoya employees receive medical care at company hospital



Andagoya workers' children line up for free school. Camp also has movie theater, workers' clubhouse



Fish is on the menu at restaurant in Andagoita, village near gold camp

(malaria and yaws are still serious problems in the area). But in the absence of a local development program, many of these specialists now ply their trades in other parts of the country.

The Chocó has also given Colombia outstanding writers and politicians. Recurrent debates among historians raise the possibility that Jorge Isaacs, the renowned author of *María*, may have been born on the banks of the Atrato and only later moved to the Cauca Valley. So far, though, the thesis has not been proved. Literary figures who do belong to the department include César Conto and the poet Higinio Garcés. Garcés, in his *Choconia*, gave us a powerful hymn to the land:

*Los ríos siguen ensanchándose siempre hacia el mar,  
a llevarle nuestro barro, nuestro oro, el platino nuestro;  
a bolar muy lejos pedazos de nuestra propia vida.  
Así se marchan lenta y fatalmente  
el Torrá, el Tatamá, el Aspavé,  
las azules mojaras.  
Adiós cerros dorados,  
encantados púlpitos en donde se congeló  
el angustiado grito de una raza.*

The rivers keep stretching to the sea,  
To carry our clay, our gold, our platinum;  
To cast off, far away, bits of our very life.  
Slowly and fatally flow  
The Torrá, the Tatamá, the Aspavé,  
With the blue mojarra fish.  
Farewell, golden hills,  
Enchanted pulpits in which the anguished cry  
Of a race was frozen.

The Chocó has inherited fascinating folklore, related to Negro traditions on both Colombian coasts. The local music (some of which also reveals a Panamanian influence, reminding one of the *mejorana* or the *décima* of the Panamanian interior) and the funeral rites are especially interesting.

The *currulao* dance, still performed by the Negroes of Buenaventura, the Pacific port just south of the Chocó, is disappearing in the department, but from time to time you come upon two files of men and women face to face in a semicircle, moving from left to right and right to left. The men start the movement, as if laying siege, and the women follow the same procedure. The typical orchestra to which the couples dance is composed of seven drums of different tones played in various ways, a rustic wooden marimba, a gourd, and two singers who harmonize, their melodies oddly rising and falling. The sound of the voices and instruments is like an interminable roll of thunder that carries one from confusion to dizziness. Although the couplets of the *currulao* are sung in Spanish, many elements of the performance are undoubtedly rooted in Africa.

When I told Fernando Ortiz, the famous Cuban anthropologist, about some of our Colombian Negro music, such as the *cumbia* and the *currulao*, he reminded me of André Gide's comment on hearing a Negro chorus: "It was like trying to find one main line in a design made up of a great many fine lines. . . ." Moreover, as Ortiz wrote in *La Africanía de la Música Folklórica de Cuba*, "the typical African song, because of its magic-religious

roots, almost always builds an emotion that speeds up in crescendo to the point of ecstasy and then gradually slows down in decrescendo, its force spent. The instrumentalists, singers, and dancers do not start together or in a definite, predetermined order at a conductor's baton signal. . . . The music, the singing, and the dance generally begin with a certain indifference or half-heartedness. A solo singer usually starts it, and a drummer or gourd player takes it up, followed by the other instruments, and the singer is answered by the chorus. One dancer steps out and another imitates him, and little by little it all falls into line, it warms up, it 'gets good,' until paroxysm or exhaustion is reached." Exactly the same thing occurs with the *currulao*.

"Singing wakes" for children and river funeral processions are still held in the Chocó, but other practices that attended the death of an adult, similar to Gold Coast ancestor worship, have virtually disappeared. When a child dies in the Chocó, several people sing through the night beside his bier, sometimes accompanied by a drummer. The couplets are liturgical, in a way. The people know them by heart. Both liquor and coffee are consumed. Then, if the death has occurred in a settlement without a cemetery, the next night a river procession of boats is formed, lighted by kerosene lamps, to carry the body silently away.

Singing wakes are also found in other parts of America, both with and without Negro folklore traditions. In Palenque, a Negro community in Bolívar Department, Colombia, the ceremonies begin the moment the child dies and constitute an entire review of authentic Negro songs in the Palenque dialect, which have never been translated into Spanish.

Time has disfigured various customs, popular sayings, legends, and reminiscences of the Negroes of the Chocó. One that has completely disappeared is the habit of "talking" at a distance at night by means of rhythmic beating of paddles on the surface of the water. One that survives in popular music is the dialogue, a kind of duel carried out with improvised quatrains and *décimas* during typical festivals. Many Chocó couplets that have been heard from time immemorial appear in Dr. Antonio José Restrepo's *Cancionero Antioqueño* (Antioquian Songbook), but folklore's habit of wandering makes it difficult to decide whether they originated in Antioquia or the Chocó.

Perhaps it would be worth while to investigate whether there is any connection between the original Chocoans and the black slaves found by Vasco Núñez de Balboa in Panama—acquired, according to the historian Gómez, by the natives of the Isthmus in warfare with a neighboring people. Carlos Cuervo Márquez, Colombian ethnographer and archaeologist, reports that some tribes in Darién maintain that when their ancestors first arrived, this region was occupied by small black men who later retired to the forests.

Be that as it may, today's men of the Chocó are engaged in a test of strength not with other men but with the diabolical forces of nature. Only the future can declare the winner. ♦ ♦ ♦



## from PRADES to PUERTO RICO

*Pablo Casals fulfills a promise*

**ALFREDO MATILLA**

THE WORLD-FAMOUS Spanish cellist and conductor Pablo Casals once promised his Puerto Rican mother to visit the land of her birth before he died. In December 1955 he fulfilled his promise—just as he has all those he has ever made.

He arrived in San Juan, accompanied by his Puerto Rican pupil Marta Montañez, aboard a French ship. Hundreds of people gathered in the misty dawn to greet him. The man who had come to honor his mother was himself accorded an almost filial veneration by the music-loving people of the island. Already a legendary figure in the world of music for his interpretations of Bach and for the Prades festivals, he now became a symbol of Puerto Rico's creative potentialities. Far from the benevolent Olympian they had expected, they found him a warm and understanding human being. The extraordinarily gifted performer proved to be a man of convictions and of practical talents.

During the three months Casals spent in a small apartment by the sea, the number of his visitors from all parts of the country—and, in fact, all parts of the world—must have run into the thousands. His first trip out of San Juan was to Mayagüez, his mother's birthplace, to unveil a plaque that will be a constant reminder of Casals' blood ties with Puerto Rico. For the assembled crowds and dignitaries, he played Bach and an old Catalan cradle song—*El Canto de los Pájaros* (Bird-song)—which may well have been the first music he heard as a child. To all present this touch was like a consummation; it made his visit seem a homecoming. The ensuing silence proved that when communion is complete, applause is unnecessary.

The City Council of Mayagüez formally honored him as a "Favorite Son," and an honorary doctorate was bestowed on him by the San Germán Polytechnic Institute. But it was entirely in character for the gentle master to turn down, firmly but courteously, an honorary degree offered by the University of Puerto Rico. He felt himself bound by his principles to reject, even if ever so tactfully, an honor that was also to be conferred upon a figure whose politics he could not condone. As he filed with the academic procession into the auditorium at the Polytechnic Institute, the gathering burst spontaneously into the greatest ovation he has ever received. During the ceremonies he made no formal acceptance speech but, after a very brief statement, responded, as has become his custom, with a performance on his cello.

Casals is eighty years old, but neither his faculties nor

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*Eighty-year-old virtuoso chatting with author*



*Pablo Casals meets Rómulo Gallegos, distinguished novelist and ex-President of Venezuela*

his playing are impaired in the slightest. I first heard him perform about twenty years ago, in Paris, on the centenary of Beethoven's death. I had also heard him play Haydn and Dvořák as the bombs fell on Barcelona during the Spanish Civil War. From there Casals had fled to Prades in the French Pyrenees. In view of his age, some of us had wondered whether he might have passed his peak. We were quickly reassured by the performance in San Germán—in fact, we were implicitly rebuked for our lack of faith. Today Casals is playing better than ever.

During the cellist's stay, the German pianist Wilhelm Kempff came to Puerto Rico to give a recital at the University. They had never met, though, of course, they knew all about each other. I accompanied Kempff to Casals' apartment. There was little conversation. They had a lot to say to each other but preferred music to

words. It was not long before Casals was playing Bach's *Suite No. 1* for his guest. Kempff was overwhelmed. He rose, took the prodigious old cellist's hands in his, and kissed them. He then responded with a performance of the *Goldberg Variations*, and pretty soon it was my great good fortune to hear them interpreting a Bach pastoral together.

Hearing Casals play is moving, but seeing him perform even more so. When his head is not thrown back, his chin sinks to his breast, and his eyes remain closed except for an occasional glance at the audience, as if to call attention to a particular passage or musical detail. Sometimes a muffled sigh, almost a sob, escapes his lips and, like a grace note, becomes part of the music. His agile fingers fall into place with incredible and invariable exactness, while his bowing ranges from the robust to the tender and magical.

When Casals talks it is like listening to a book of old Spanish proverbs. His voice is always mild, but his wit is often as pointed as a Catalonian country man's. He once said that men today know many things, but have forgotten some of the most elementary facts. I asked him what he would call elementary; and he answered, "the Lord's Prayer, for instance." On another occasion, an ensemble of Puerto Rican musicians played for him a *plena* and a *seis chorreao*, among other folk melodies and dances. They asked him what he thought of popular Puerto Rican music. "I think it is music in its natural state," he answered. "Notice how the instruments go their own way. The emphasis of each instrument is on its own job in the ensemble."

"How much of it is Spanish, Maestro?" he was asked.

"As much as you would expect. But folk music everywhere," he continued, "has a quality all its own. It's all so clear; it sounds more like Bach than any other music."

Shortly before his departure for Europe, a group of friends, Puerto Rican artists and musicians, serenaded

*San Germán Polytechnic Institute in Mayagüez conferred honorary doctorate on Casals. City Council honored him as "Favorite Son"*



him on his birthday. It was a memorable night, with soloists and chorus outdoing themselves in honor of the great artist who, by now, had become more than a symbol, a whole creed to the youth of Puerto Rico.

But we do not feel in Puerto Rico that Casals has really gone. For he has left us the greatest thing in his



*Cross-section of rapt audience at Casals concert in Mayagüez*

power. At a dinner given by the Governor of the Commonwealth, in the Fortaleza, it was decided that a Casals Festival should be instituted in Puerto Rico. A Casals Festival Committee was appointed later, and Alexander Schneider was entrusted with the hiring of musicians, an assignment he had carried out so successfully at Prades. Pianists who have already responded to his call include Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Eugene Istomin, Rudolf Serkin; the Puerto Rican pianist Jesús María Sanromá will play under Casals for the first time. The solo violinists will be Isaac Stern and Joseph Szigeti. Schneider's fellow members of the Budapest String Quartet will join him, and its cellist, Mischa Schneider, will also act as soloist. Maria Stader, soprano, and Gerard Souzay, baritone, will sing; and an orchestra will be formed for the orchestral works. Pablo Casals, the festival director, will both perform and direct frequently throughout the series of concerts, to be given between April 22 and May 8.

The program of this first festival will consist of twelve orchestra and chamber-music concerts, and be devoted entirely to a cycle of works by Bach, Mozart, and Schubert. Casals expects to repeat the Puerto Rican festival every year. Two of the concerts will be free to the public. Tickets for the others, which have been on sale since last October, may be ordered from the Office of the Casals Festival in Puerto Rico, 14 West 44th Street, New York. The concerts will take place in the modern University of Puerto Rico theater.

Casals, the untiring artist, the jovial conversationalist, the eternal dreamer, the gentle, plain, and practical man, has more than kept the promise to his mother. By bringing Prades to Puerto Rico he has given the island the chance to become a music center of the Americas. ♦ ♦ ♦



# Rogues' gallery

## OF FAMOUS PIRATES

WALLACE B. ALIG

SINCE MAN FIRST LEARNED TO SAIL, the crime of piracy—armed robbery on the high seas or assaults on land by ships—has been an inherent part of his criminal behavior. He has carried on these activities all over the world—in the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, the Indian Ocean, the Pacific, and the China Sea; off West Africa, Madagascar, North, Central, and South America, and elsewhere. He has justified his acts on many grounds—from the principle of survival of the fittest, held by the ancient sea-roving Phoenicians and Vikings, to that of the preservation of justice, as with the naval forces of all sides participating in World Wars I and II. One of the many curious paradoxes of the crime is illustrated by the government that could honor Sir Francis Drake in the sixteenth century and vilify with equanimity Count Felix von Luckner, "the Sea Devil," in the twentieth.

The origins of piracy are obscure. One of the most famous early cases involved the youthful Julius Caesar. Captured by sea-robbers, he was not released until a sizable ransom had been paid. Thereupon he rounded up some soldiers, and with their help tracked down his former abductors and crucified the lot.

Piracy flourished in the Mediterranean until about 1850, reaching a peak with the Barbary pirates, based on the North African coast from the beginning of the sixteenth century. It has never been stamped out in the Far East. As a matter of fact, it still crops up in the West

from time to time. As recently as 1952 pirates were again operating in the Mediterranean. In October of that year an adventurer named Elliot Burt Forrest and a Jersey City panty manufacturer named Sidney H. ("Nylon Sid") Paley chartered the motor ship *Esme* and held up off Spain the three-hundred-ton freighter *Combinatie* bound from Tangier to the Middle East with a fortune in U.S. cigarettes aboard. They took a hundred thousand dollars' worth and held the crew prisoner for several days. The booty, sold in the free port of Tangier at bargain rates, was destined for resale at sea to smugglers who would take it to Spain, France, and Italy for disposal on the black market. Forrest led six hooded men with machine guns who carried out the attack; it was masterminded in part by Paley, who drew three years in prison after the eventual apprehension of the entire band.

Largely through the influence of romantic books such as Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, theatrical enterprises like Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*, and countless Hollywood spectacles, pirates have come down to us in the guise of the bandannaed, swash-buckling, rum-drinking, cutlass-wielding sea criminal that originated in Great Britain, especially in the South of Ireland and around the Scilly Isles and on the coasts of Cornwall and Devon during the reigns of the Tudor Kings (1485-1603). Eventually policed out of their home waters, these marauders were driven farther afield to the Western Hemisphere and the Orient. Joined by counterparts mainly from Holland, France, Spain, and Portugal, they recruited their members from the jobless crews of

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Now a free-lance writer, WALLACE B. ALIG was formerly on the staff of AMERICAS.



European naval ships laid up between wars, often by mutinies aboard merchantmen, and frequently by invitation or compulsion (as when a pirate band would board a prize ship).

New terms for them appeared—"freebooter" and "filibuster" among them. When certain European hunters of wild cattle and pigs on the Caribbean island of Hispaniola (today Haiti and the Dominican Republic) took up piracy, they acquired the name "buccaneer" from the grill called a *bocan* by the Carib Indians, from whom they had learned how to cure their meat.

Then, of course, there were the privateers, still mistakenly regarded by many as the same thing as pirates but only too often a creator of them. The privateer was, in fact, an armed ship (or any member of its crew) that sailed under a letter of marque from some government authority to plague the shipping of enemy nations in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The booty to be taken was the principal means of financing the privateers' expeditions. When, for one reason or another, these rich prizes eluded interception, the privateer was frequently obliged to resort to piracy to acquire supplies and money to pay the salaries of officers and men. During this period virtual anarchy reigned on the high seas, with Englishmen, say, attacking Englishmen or the ships and settlements of friendly nations.

Because British law could not be enforced across thou-

sands of miles of trackless seas, during the reign of Charles I (1625-1649) the Crown adopted the practice of granting free pardons to all buccaneers who would give themselves up by a certain date. Thus when the law was too close on a pirate's heels, he would simply surrender, receive the royal pardon, and, as soon as he needed more money, resume his old trade. One of the greatest mass pardonings of pirates took place in 1718 at Nassau, Bahamas, directed by Captain Woodes Rogers, then governor. This comfortable tradition continued into the reign of George I (1714-1727).

A careful study of the lives of all the most notorious sea rogues reveals that, by and large, they came to no good end. They are history's Dead End Kids, as vicious and pathetic as John Dillinger or the East Side Torpedoes. They led miserable, uncomfortable existences and apparently never learned a thing.

Most buccaneers are now forgotten, though some still live on through the names they gave to remote spots on the surface of the globe—among them, John Watling, from whom Columbus' Bahamian landfall in the New World takes its name; John Clipperton, by whose surname the French island in the Pacific off Mexico is known; or the Dutchman Blewfeldt, who inspired Nicaragua to call one of its Caribbean coastal towns Bluefields. The following pictures are a rogues' gallery of a few of piracy's most notorious figures. ♦ ♦ ♦



Captain John Rackam

**CAPTAIN JOHN RACKAM** (or Rackham), alias "Calico Jack" (from striped trousers he was accustomed to wearing). Former quartermaster under the evil Charles Vane, captain of brigantine that plundered Caribbean islands after he renounced King's pardon. Few details of his life are known. History records that he "spent Christmas ashore . . . drinking and carousing." Once remarked that he kept "a little kind of a family 'at the back of Cuba.'" This included Anne Bonny.

**MARY READ.** English-born, illegitimate child of poverty-stricken sailor's wife. Raised as boy to hide illegitimacy, since the couple's legitimate child, a boy, had died while the father was away at sea. As Mary grew up, her mother disclosed her secret to her and secured her cooperation. Sailed on a man-of-war, saw service as Army cadet in Flanders, first as infantryman, then as cavalryman. When she fell in love with a Flemish fellow-soldier, she took him into her confidence. Impressed by her courage and modesty, he asked her to marry him and she accepted. Upon their army discharge, they opened a restaurant known as The Three Horse Shoes near the Castle of Breda in Brabant. Happy until her husband died, Mary was obliged to resume soldiery when her inn failed.



Mary Read

She soon tired of it and resolved to settle in New World. En route, her ship was attacked by pirates who, failing to recognize her sex, pressed her into service. Momentarily regaining her freedom, she attempted to settle down but soon enlisted as a privateer at Nassau, Bahamas, in 1718. Later sailed as pirate in crew of the notorious "Calico Jack" Rackam.

**ANNE BONNY**, third member of what was to be crime's strangest triangle. Born near Cork, Ireland, she was illegitimate like Mary Read, the daughter of a servant girl employed in the home of her father, a prominent lawyer. Truly in love with his mistress, he left his family and emigrated with her and Anne to South Carolina, where he practiced law and bought a plantation. Anne ran the house when her mother died. Tomboy. Could hold own in boxing with any man. Married James Bonny, penniless, fortune-hunting sailor, whereupon her father turned her out of the house. Accompanied Bonny to Nassau, Bahamas. Here she met Calico Jack Rackam and, dressed as male, ran off with him; repaired to Cuba to bear his child. Recovered from childbirth and back with Rackam as a crew member, Anne became attracted to Mary Read, who she naturally thought was a man. This made Rackam jealous and placed Mary, who had fallen in love with a fellow seaman,



in an awkward position. When Rackam threatened to cut Mary's throat if she encouraged Anne's advances, Anne told her that she was a woman, and Mary returned the confidence. Becoming friends, they informed Rackam under strict secrecy. Meanwhile, Mary also told her sailor, and they "plighted their troth" without ceremony. To protect him after he had been challenged to a duel by another crew member, she shot the offended man dead, since, recalling her life in Brabant, she couldn't bear to risk losing another husband. Rackam, Mary, Anne, and entire crew finally captured by Captain Jonathan Barnett under pirate-extermination program of Governor Sir Nicholas Lawes of Jamaica. Tried at St. Iago de la Vega (Spanish Town) in November 1720, Mary's lover was freed on her statement that he was a pirate "only under compulsion." Rackam was hanged. Mary and Anne were sentenced to hang, but when they revealed that they were both pregnant ("M'lord, we plead our bellies," they cried in their defense), execution was postponed. Mary Read died in a Jamaican prison. Anne Bonny's fate is unrecorded.

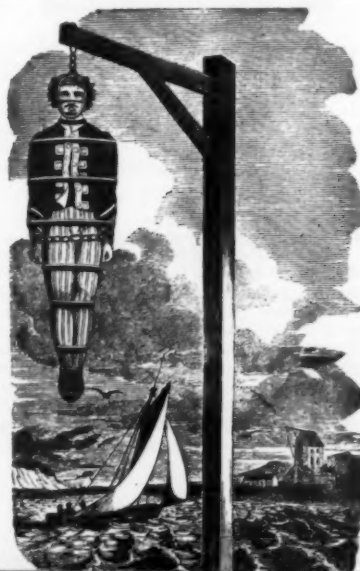


**BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS.** (1682-1722) Alias Black Bart. Welshman. Flashy dresser: wore rich crimson-damask waistcoat and breeches, red feather in hat, gold chain with diamond cross around neck, brace of pistols. Conflicting reports about him. Is said to have been religiously inclined. Gave ship musicians, otherwise on call twenty-four hours a day, Sundays off. Once tried unsuccessfully to have clergyman join crew. Some call him the "only known teetotaler in piracy," while others describe him as a drunkard liking "a merry life and a short one." Is said to have been teardrinker, strict disciplinarian. Required lights out in crew quarters by 8:00 P.M., permitted no women or gambling on shipboard. First sailed as captain of slaver *Princess* but went over to piracy when captured off coast of Africa by Captain Howell Davis, whom he eventually replaced. Elected by bigoted crew on grounds of being non-Catholic. At Bahia, Brazil, attacked forty-two-ship Portuguese convoy, made off with booty from richest ship in it. Plundered West Indies, ranged as far north as Newfoundland. Offended by treatment received from Barbados ship and people of Martinique. Result: redesigned his Jolly Roger so that the initials ABH and AMH appeared under a truculent figure of himself astride two human skulls; these stood for "A Barbadian's Head" and "A Martiniquian's Head," respectively, fair warning that should anyone from either of these places fall into his hands, he could expect instant death. Killed by rifle fire in encounter with ship *Swallow* under the famous British Captain Chaloner Ogle, who was knighted for the deed.



**BARTOLOMEU PORTUGUES.** Born in Portugal. Murderer. Thief. Arsonist. After taking Havana-bound ship from Maracaibo and Cartagena off Cape Corrientes, Cuba, he and his crew were captured by Spaniards near Cape San Antonio and sent to Campeche, Mexico, for trial. Notified aboard prize ship on which he was held prisoner that he was to be hanged for his crimes, Portugues found two earthen jars of the type often used by the Spaniards in those days for shipping wine to the West Indies. These he plugged up and fashioned into a pair of water wings, which were being made then in Spain with calabashes, elsewhere with bladders. That night he stabbed the guard with a knife he had stashed away, jumped overboard, and, although he did not know how to swim, made shore with the two earthen jars. For three days he hid in a hollow tree in the woods, eating nothing but herbs. When searchers failed to find him, he made his way with extreme hardship (due to scarce food and water, crossing rivers, and so on) over a hundred miles to the Cape of Golfo Triste, where he found a pirate vessel from Jamaica manned by friends of his. With their aid and a boat they supplied, he sailed back to Campeche and recaptured the ship on which he had been held prisoner some two weeks before. Hoisting sail, he and his men fled from Campeche and steered for Jamaica. A storm, however, wrecked them on the Isle of Pines. Portugues and his crew got off in a canoe and eventually arrived in Jamaica, but history records that they continued "to encounter adversity to the end of their days."

**WILLIAM KIDD.** Better known as Captain Kidd, a man whom legend has made more colorful than the facts warrant. Born Greenock, Scotland, 1645. Well educated. Commander of English privateer. Lived for a while in New York City with wife and children. Commissioned by the Governor of Massachusetts, the Earl of Bellmont, to patrol New England coast for pirates. Government, however, did not finance enterprise properly, so Kidd and his men went into piracy themselves. Operated off West Africa, in the Red Sea, and in the Indian Ocean. On Madagascar he drank "bombo," a soft drink made of limes, sugar, and water, when he landed there after taking the rich prize the *Quedagh Merchant*. Next went to West Indies, where, on island of Anguilla (now a British possession east of the Virgin Islands), he and his crew learned they were wanted in Massachusetts for piracy. Leaving the *Quedagh Merchant* at Hispaniola, Kidd hurried to Boston to defend himself but found the Earl of Bellmont against him. He was thereupon tried for piracy and murder—at sea he had struck gunner William Moore in anger, killing him—and hanged.





**WALKING THE PLANK.** Apparently a myth, the comparatively recent invention of imaginative fiction writers. Ships' logs, court documents, and the trial records of even the cruelest buccaneers fail to describe, or even mention, a single incident of this sort. Pirates did, however, dispose of their victims by marooning them on remote, uninhabited "desert" islands or by setting them adrift at sea in small open boats, usually with a pistol and just enough bullets to kill themselves.



**EDWARD TEACH**, alias Blackbeard, alias Tach, Thach, Thatch, or Teatch. Sometimes called "The Commodore." Apparently one of the most cruel of pirates. Sexual pervert. Psychopathic personality. Wore long black beard in pigtailed tied with ribbons over his ears. In action wore slings over his shoulders holding three braces of pistols in holsters. Stuck lighted matches in hat to emphasize ferocity. Born Bristol, England, but became seaman out of Jamaica. Teamed up with Captain Benjamin Hornigold in career of piracy off North America and in the West Indies. After Hornigold surrendered to Captain Woodes Rogers—the "scourge" of pirates—at Nassau, Bahamas, Teach formed partnership with Major Stede Bonnet. One of few pirates known to have included Negroes in his crew; also father-son combination in Joseph Brooks, Sr. and Jr. Raided waters off Honduras, the Cayman Islands, Cuba, the Bahamas, and the Carolina coast. Master of abnormal behavior: On drunk with Israel Hands, captain of his ship, and two seamen, Teach suddenly drew two pistols, blew out candle, and fired indiscriminately around him. Hands was shot in the knee, lamed for life. In explanation Teach remarked, "If I don't kill one of the crew now and then, they forget who I am." Again, drunk at sea one day, he urged some of his men to join him in making "a hell of our own, and see how long we can stand it." They descended into the hold, closed hatches and portholes, and ignited several sulphur pots. As they began to suffocate, some cried out for air, much to Teach's amusement. He did not give the order to open up until he had proved to them that he could hold out longest. Eventually pardoned for his crimes by Governor Charles Eden of North Carolina, who also married him to his fourteenth wife, a girl of fifteen whom he forced into prostitution with crew under his personal supervision. Soon resumed piracy, plundering shipping in coves, sounds, and rivers along the coast. Receiving no satisfaction from Eden, shippers appealed to Governor Alexander Spotswood of Virginia for help. He ordered out two sloops to hunt the pirate down. One, the Pearl, under Captain Robert Maynard, found Teach at Ocracoke Inlet, North Carolina, on November 22, 1718. In the ensuing altercation Teach was killed

and his head was cut off and hung on the Pearl's bowsprit. Thirteen of his crew members were convicted in trials at Williamsburg, Virginia, and hanged there. It is said that after Teach's head was removed from the Pearl, it was set upon a pole at the Hampton River mouth as a warning to sailors in a place known today as Blackbeard's Point. The skull may later have been fashioned into a large drinking cup.



**CAPTAIN JOHN AVERY**, alias Henry Every, alias Bridgman. Nickname: Long Ben. Sometimes known as "the arch-pirate." May have inspired Defoe's *Life, Adventures and Piracies of Captain Singleton*. Charles Johnson wrote hit play about him, *The Successful Pirate*, presented at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, in 1713. Born near Plymouth, 1665. Occupation: seaman. Headed mutiny aboard British armed privateer *Duke*, of which he was first mate. Originally intended to fight French and Spanish smuggling between Martinique and Peru but renamed ship the *Charles II* and entered career of piracy in Africa, Asia, the Bahamas, and New England. May have married a daughter of the Great Mogul of the Indian Empire and lived with her like a king in Madagascar after plundering the *Gunsway*, one of her father's ships, on which she was a passenger. Died in obscurity in England, starving and penniless, after merchants cheated him in disposing of the rich plunder he took from others.



**STEDE BONNET**, alias Edwards, alias Thomas. Major in British Army. The gentleman pirate. Well-educated, wealthy Barbados landowner and merchant. Resorted to piracy to escape "some discomforts" of his marriage (he was henpecked) or possibly because of mental disorder. Pitied rather than condemned by his friends. (Nicholas Trott, chief justice of the Court at Charleston, South Carolina, attributed Bonnet's infamy to the corruption of "the principles of religion by the skepticism and infidelity of this wicked age"—early eighteenth century.) Fitted out seventy-man, ten-gun sloop *Revenge*. Then, one night in 1717, simply sneaked out of Bridgetown and began to raid ships off the Virginia coast. Based for a while at Gardiner's Island, Long Island. With his army background he soon discovered own shortcomings as sea captain and in Bay of Honduras teamed up with "Blackbeard" Teach, who appointed another man over him as master of the



Revenge. Suddenly remorseful about his fall into crime, Bonnet declared he could never face a fellow Englishman again, made overtures to go to Spain or Portugal to get away from it all. Remained popular with pirate comrades, so that when Teach surrendered to Governor Eden they gave him back command of his ship. Pardon by the North Carolina official, Bonnet and his men sailed for St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, to enter privateering against Spain. En route, at Topsail Inlet, North Carolina, they ran across seventeen former members of Teach's crew marooned by their captain to die. Together they all decided to renounce their pardon, resume piracy. They sailed north and plundered shipping near Cape Henry, Virginia, and in the Delaware River as far up as Philadelphia. They also renamed the Revenge the Royal James. When the vessel needed repairs, they sailed it up the Cape Fear River in North Carolina. Hearing of their temporary disablement, the South Carolina Government assigned Colonel William Rhett and two sloops to run them down. The prisoners were taken to Charleston and jailed, although Bonnet, in deference to his status as a gentleman, was put up at the house of the town marshal, whence he promptly escaped. Colonel Rhett found him again on an island near the town and collected a reward seven times greater than any that had been posted for the far more villainous Blackbeard. This time there was no way out for the changeable gentleman pirate. Stede Bonnet was tried, sentenced to death, and hanged on December 10, 1718, at White Point, South Carolina.



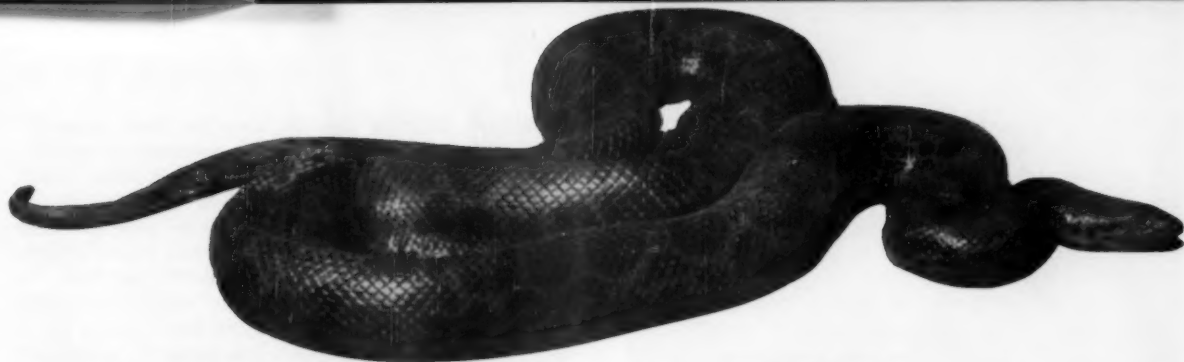
**SIR HENRY MORGAN.** Welshman. Date of birth uncertain; may have been 1635. Is said to have been kidnapped as a boy and sold on Barbados as a slave, but after serving his time, he went to Jamaica. Nephew of famous privateer Colonel Edward Morgan. Eventually commissioned by Governor of Jamaica Sir Thomas Modyford to fight Spanish when it was learned they intended to recapture the island. Insubordinate scoundrel. First attacked Puerto del Principe, Cuba. Then, in defiance of British policy at the time, tortured local citizens to make them reveal Spanish military plans and whereabouts of reported hidden treasures. Next took Portobelo, Panama, important transshipment point between Peru and Spain. In report to London failed to mention atrocities and rapine committed there to gain release of imprisoned Englishmen and uncover treasure stores. Went on to raid Maracaibo, Venezuela, and Gibraltar. King Charles II protested to Modyford, who withdrew his commission. Undeterred, and, in fact, condoned, since he was Jamaica's only real means of defense, Morgan plundered Chagres River towns in Panama. Charles, who had meanwhile signed "The Treaty of America" appeasing Spain, thereupon removed Modyford from office, since Morgan's escapades endangered its enforcement. Morgan was ordered to London to give a personal account of himself. Upon arrival there, disarmed people with his blustery charm. When the political scene suddenly changed, Modyford was reassigned to Jamaica as Chief Justice and Morgan was made Lieutenant Governor and knighted (as was usual for such an appointment—the title was not bestowed on him for his acts of piracy). Held corrupt office for nine years until 1683, when he was again relieved of his duties. Died 1688.

**ALEXANDER SELKIRK.** Born Largo, County Fife, Scotland, about 1676. Quarrelsome nature. Raised to be tanner and shoemaker like father; subsequently disagreed with him and left home for career at sea. Sailed in expedition headed by former buccaneer Captain William Dampier from Kinsale in September 1703 as

master of privateer *Cinque Ports* under Captain Thomas Stradling and in the company of another ship, the *Saint George*, to intercept Spanish shipping between Africa and South America. Change in Spaniards' position forced expedition to arrange rendezvous at the remote and uninhabited Juan Fernández Islands off Chile. Some crewmen deserted when ships touched at Brazil. Mutinies broke out. Holding the *Cinque Ports* to be leaky and unsafe, hot-headed Selkirk quarreled with Captain Stradling, demanded to be put ashore. Readily granted permission, he experienced change of heart upon realization of what step would mean, requested re-



instatement but was refused. From about October 1, 1704, to February 13, 1709, Selkirk was marooned on Juan Fernández with nothing but his "effects," which included a few clothes, his seaman's chest, some cloth, bedding, a musket, a pound of gunpowder, some bullets, a hatchet, some tools, a knife, a kettle, some tobacco, a flipcan (kind of tankard), a Bible, some books on religion, navigation, and mathematics, some mathematical instruments, and food enough for two meals (fortunately the islands abounded in fresh water). Melancholy for the first six months or so, Selkirk slowly adjusted to his new life. Caught shellfish to conserve his resources, learned how to run swiftly over rocks to capture bare-handed the fast-running local goats. These he killed for food and hides (which he wore when clothes gave out and used to line two huts he built from pimento-tree wood and covered with grass). He also built small stone house for protection during the night. To rout the hordes of rats that disturbed his sleep, bred cats that had come ashore in past from ships stopping for wood and water. Also plagued by the barking of thousands of sea-lions. Contemplated suicide but gave it up. Feared his pets might eat him if he died suddenly. Eventually became cheerful, took up eating vegetables—cabbages, turnips, parsley, watercress, radishes, and so on—that turned up on his island. Prayed often. Amused self by cutting his name on trees. Is said to have taught cats and goats to dance while he sang accompaniment. When ships passed, made no attempt to signal them, conscientiously avoided two Spanish merchantmen that actually stopped there. However, with arrival of two English privateers, the *Duke* (under Captain Woodes Rogers) and the *Duchess*, made self known to his fellow countrymen by setting a light on shore. Spotting it, crewmen prepared for assault by formidable enemy, were dumbfounded to find only Selkirk waving white flag. By twist of fate, Dampier, now a pilot, was aboard *Duke*, identified Selkirk, and recommended him to Rogers. In turn, Selkirk foraged provisions for sick men aboard, showed his rescuers how he lived, which provoked their astonishment and earned him the nickname "the governor." When the *Duke* weighed anchor, Selkirk sailed with her as an officer, arriving back in England on October 14, 1711, after trip around the world. Found it difficult to readjust to normal life, took to sea again, and died as lieutenant aboard the *Weymouth* in 1723. His experiences, described in book form (*A Cruising Voyage Round the World*) by Woodes Rogers and Edward Cook (second captain of the *Duchess*), and the subsequent notoriety inspired Daniel Defoe to write one of the greater English classics, *Robinson Crusoe*, with embellishments of his own imagination including Crusoe's man Friday and dog. It has been said that Selkirk wrote his own account of his adventures and showed it to Defoe, who returned it to him with the advice that "it wouldn't sell." To this date, however, there is no evidence that any such personal account by Selkirk ever existed.



## AT HOME WITH A BOA JORGE RAÚL EGUÍA

"LOOK OUT for the snake!" shouted Grandal, leaping out of the hut. The rest of us followed pell-mell. From outside, through a window, Grandal pointed to the reason for his alarm. Inside the roof of the mud-and-thatch building in northern Córdoba Province, Argentina, an impressive boa at least sixteen feet long curled his muscular rings around the thick beam that served as a ridgepole. Its head swayed in the air as it looked for a way to come down. To us new arrivals in this part of the country, the scene was terrifying. Our shouts attracted the people of the main house. To our further astonishment, two farm hands pulled the snake down and, taking it by the head and tail, carried it off to its cage. The reptile was a household pet.

The owners had adopted it years before. Just by being there it kept away preying animals. From time to time the people let it loose to rid the warehouses and barns of rats and mice. It did not escape, but sometimes it disappeared for a while, to return from the hunt gorged and satisfied and spend several days digesting its meal in lethargic calm. Our arrival had coincided with the end of one of those periods.

We were a team of engineers and surveyors, assigned to measure the large property known as "El Tigre" in the Río Seco section of Córdoba Province, almost at the geographical center of Argentina. The hospitable farmer Pancracio and his wife Doña Eduvigis solved our lodging problem by putting us up in the wide shack that served as a storeroom, which they had cleaned and fitted up with rustic cots and furniture. We had arrived that morning. By way of welcome, the owners served us a big lunch. The fatiguing journey, the filling meal, and the hot sun had made us sleepy, and we were just getting set for a brief rest when Grandal made his discovery.

The boa was our main subject of conversation for the next few days. We asked the local people all about its habits. They were very familiar with the species, for it abounds there.

This snake (*Constrictor constrictor occidentalis*), called *ampalagua*, is a non-poisonous boa that lives in the forests of northern and central Argentina and of the adjoining countries. In Argentina, its principal range extends south to the Salinas Grandes or salt flats where

the provinces of Córdoba, Santiago del Estero, La Rioja, and Catamarca converge. Preferring tropical temperatures, it is rarely seen further south.

Among the reptiles of the region it is outstanding for its length, more than sixteen feet. The oldest ones may be up to twenty inches around in the thickest part of the body. The skin is a greenish brown, with dark tones approaching ochre in spots. The colors grow lighter and clearer on the belly, shading to yellow. The rather small head and narrow neck do not prevent the mouth, enlarged by deep lateral clefts, from swallowing prey as big as a medium-sized lamb.

"Everyone take a hunting knife," Pancracio advised us as we prepared to survey the fields. "The boa doesn't attack man," he went on. "Actually, it flees from him. But you may step on one unintentionally in the brush. If that happens, the snake will automatically twine around your legs. The only way to stop the terrible pressure is to strangle it or wound it till it loses



*A lawyer and writer, JORGE RAÚL EGUÍA was born and raised in Córdoba, Argentina, not far from the region he describes here.*

*Ampalagua (Quechua word for boa) skins are made into accessories, but rodent-catching snakes must be saved from commercial slaughter*

strength." Pancracio was obviously enjoying our discomfort. "The boa usually rests in trees. Sometimes it lies in ambush in the lower branches by the paths the animals travel, drops on its victim, strangles it, and swallows it. Be careful when you pass under a tree. I've seen calves and colts captured by the boa. Let's not see it try the same thing with a man."

To our further alarm, he added: "Once a farmer saved himself from being crushed by lying on the ground with his arms clamped to his body and his legs together so the snake had nothing to take hold of with his coils. Now that you're going into the forest, don't forget that."

Our job obliged us to go over all kinds of terrain, from fields of tall wild grass to forests with almost impenetrable undergrowth. One day we were working at the foot of an irregular, craggy hill, completely absorbed in the details of the operation. From time to time, along with the other forest noises, the penetrating howls of a fox reached our ears. At last one man went over to investigate. He signaled us all to come quietly. Amazed, we watched a drama unfold: a boa more than ten feet long was advancing almost imperceptibly toward a young fox that stood paralyzed, its fur bristling, its back arched, and its tail sticking straight up. The boa, like a high priest of the most diabolical of cults, insensible to everything else, drew closer to his victim. The fox moaned pitifully, frozen with terror.

One of the workmen, feeling sorry for the fox, circled around behind, grabbed it by the tail, and pulled it away. The fox rolled over, but as soon as it was on its feet again it turned back to the snake, still bristling with fear and moaning helplessly. It was complete hypnosis. Only after several kicks did the fox come to and escape. This technique of terror is the boa's favorite hunting trick when dealing with small animals.

Another time we had to cross a stone wall of the

rustic sort built in colonial days to fence property. These walls are found mostly in the mountainous regions, where there is plenty of rock; they climb hills, dissect plains, and criss-cross valleys, vivid examples of the colonists' skill and craftsmanship. As we were climbing over the wall, we caught sight of a boa beside a path running along the other side. Hidden by the brush, it was cautiously ambushing a group of four or five *cuisis*—a solid gray variety of cavy, much like a guinea pig—that jumped and played near by, unaware of the danger. When the snake was no more than ten feet from its intended victims, it suddenly reared up imposingly, holding its head two feet off the ground. It must have given them the "Halt! Who goes there?" or the "Your money or your life!" of the serpent code, for they remained motionless, petrified, staring fixedly at the voracious menace. With rhythmic undulations, the snake drew closer, the head held high, the eyes gleaming, the thin, black, forked tongue beating the air as if in anticipation of the promised feast.

The *cuisis'* fate was sealed. The terrible impact on their nervous systems prevented them from running or fighting back. Bit by bit the boa advanced its sinuous body. Once in position, the snake, as if set off by a powerful spring, shot its head toward the *cuisis* and quickly swallowed one after another. The feast over, the boa went to a near-by tree, climbed it sedately, rolled its rings around a thick branch, made two or three contortions, no doubt to settle the recent lunch, and prepared to sleep through one of its customary digestive periods.

Our mission ended without incident. Still, all the time we were there, we could not erase these serpents—not so much fearful as repulsive—from our minds. It has been several years since those exciting days, but when I recall them, I can see the boa curled up under the roof of that Córdoba shack. My nerves still tingle. ♦ ♦ ♦

*Hunters often save evidence of surprise encounters in forests. Tame boas eliminate rodents and preying animals around houses and barns*





a word with

## Walter Soyka

THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN-BORN chemical engineer Walter Soyka arrived in Ecuador more or less by chance and has been a citizen for only six years, yet his friends and associates there say of him: "*Por fin, un gringo que hace patria* [At last, a foreigner who has become a real Ecuadorian]." Convinced that "Ecuador needs more teachers, more small industry, and more tourist attractions," Dr. Soyka set about finding ways to fill the gaps. When we met, he was in the United States for the second time—both trips entirely at his own expense—energetically promoting the interests of his adopted country.

"When Czechoslovakia was overrun by Germany," Dr. Soyka recalled when I asked how he happened to take up residence on the equator, "I escaped to Italy. There I sold some chemical patents for needed cash. Since I had studied English at the University of Prague and had relatives in New York, I hoped to go to the United States. But when I was offered a teaching position in Ecuador, I grabbed at the opportunity, even though I didn't know a word of Spanish."

Six weeks after his arrival in Cuenca in 1939, Dr. Soyka was teaching chemical engineering at the university there—lecturing in Spanish. "I still don't know how I did it. I'm sure I made plenty of mistakes, but some of my students from those days now hold responsible positions in government and business."

Now at the Central University of Quito, where he gives two classes, Dr. Soyka stresses the need for a practical approach in his field: "Everything used to be on a theoretical basis. The students had little, if any, laboratory experience. Today, despite the lack of adequate, up-to-date equipment, every chemical engineer must know firsthand how to make detergents, alcohol, soap, and paint, how to tan leather, and so on. In a small country like Ecuador, there is no room for specialization. Why, if we could turn out enough qualified teachers in this field, the possibilities would be almost limitless."

"Just take this one example. The people have been making charcoal the same wasteful way for hundreds of years. What tar isn't lost stays in the charcoal and keeps it from burning properly. Two of my students worked out a distillation experiment that gave them not only high-grade charcoal but tar, methyl alcohol, and acetic acid as well. With training and experimentation of this sort, the whole standard of living could be changed."

"I'm in the United States," Dr. Soyka continued, "to stir up interest in an educational exchange program. I've visited about ten universities and talked with leading educators from New York to Houston. More Ecuadorian students should come here for a year or two. Of course, I'd like some U.S. university to 'adopt' our department at the University of Quito and help provide us with modern lab equipment."

On his first trip to the United States, Dr. Soyka found that few people knew much about Ecuador. He felt that if the University of Quito offered special summer scholar-



ships to U.S. students, a double purpose would be served: "Because they would see the beauty of the country and come to know the innate friendliness of the people, they would encourage U.S. tourists to visit Ecuador and would also interest Ecuadorian students in studying in the States." Following his suggestion, the University now provides about a dozen such scholarships, which cover tuition and room and board with Ecuadorian families.

Some twelve years ago Dr. Soyka began to investigate the possibilities for small industry in Ecuador, because "there is no market for large-scale production in such a small country." Today he heads Akios Industries, which is a sort of six-in-one operation. (Dr. Soyka pointed out that *akios* is a Greek word meaning "reliable man" and, conveniently, is also Soyka pronounced backwards.) It manufactures chemical products for industry, paints, textiles, cosmetics, and modeling clay, glue, and the like for use in schools. His wife is in charge of the Akios branch that markets native handicrafts, with an eye to the tourist trade. The catalogue lists paintings, balsa-wood and tooled-leather articles, dolls, tagua-nut chess sets and curios, handbags, belts, skirts, blouses, scarfs, rugs, and even furniture, all at reasonable prices.

The genial professor has still more plans for his and his country's future: "Ecuador is one of the richest fishing areas in the world, but the canning industry—just now getting under way—should be controlled by an organization like the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. We must train students for that. And another thing. Ecuadorian bananas often spoil for lack of a market. I'd like to find a way to use them in a nutritious drink similar to Ovaltine. Or maybe even 'banana beer.'"

After that? Walter Soyka will think of something.—E.B.K.

# Ay, Chihuahua!

A short story by **AMADO MURO** Illustrations by **HENRY R. MARTIN**

MY UNCLE RODOLFO AVITIA was a burly man with herculean shoulders and a booming bass voice. He wore his heavy gray mustache in the style popularized by the pulque venders in Porfirio Díaz's day, and he never went out without clamping his big Zacatecas sombrero on his massive head.

The mustache and the sombrero were his only obvious vanities. But he had still another. My uncle was very proud of being Chihuahuan. He was proud of everything related to his native state, and intolerant of anyone who tried to discredit either Chihuahua or its people.

Did feminine beauty exist outside Chihuahua? Not for my uncle Rodolfo. For him, Chihuahuan women were many times lovelier than those from Jalisco, who are popularly believed to be the most beautiful in all Mexico. His extravagant opinions on this subject, expressed at the slightest provocation—more often without any provo-

cation at all—made the ladies in our neighborhood, Chihuahuans all, beam gratefully at Uncle Rodolfo.

And so it was in all things. Could a Mexican born in a state other than Chihuahua become a boxer worthy of the name? My uncle said not. Could anyone but a Chihuahuan be a success in the bull ring? Uncle Rodolfo thought it most unlikely. Could a statue be fashioned with beauty and artistry by craftsmen from any place but Chihuahua? "No," said my uncle Rodolfo.

Aware of his invincible opinion that no Mexican of integrity would allow himself to be born anywhere but in Chihuahua, I was not at all surprised when he told me that a swineherd from Chihuahua was the only Mexican ever to get to heaven under his own power.

He told me about this resourceful Chihuahuan on the night of my tenth birthday, after the *piñata* had been broken. As an afterthought he added that if I behaved better, I would stand a good chance of being the second Chihuahuan to enter heaven.

"Who was that first man?" I asked, already picturing myself as the second.

"Pedro Urdemales," my uncle said. "He was the greatest rogue in all Mexico. Like you, he was born in Hidalgo del Parral, which is, as you know, Mexico's most delightful spa."

*Chihuahua-born AMADO MURO works on the ice docks in El Paso, Texas, and writes in his spare time. This is his second contribution to AMERICAS, and he plans to incorporate these episodes into a book. Pedro de Urdemales was the hero of many popular Spanish tales dating from before the conquest of America, and new legends are still being woven about him in many lands. The details of this one vary, but this is how Uncle Rodolfo told it. HENRY R. MARTIN, New Jersey commercial artist, also illustrated Mr. Muro's earlier contribution.*



I wanted to know all about how Pedro Urdemales got into heaven. So my uncle opened a bottle of Cruz Blanca beer, which is made in Chihuahua, and sat down. This is the story as he told it:

Although Pedro Urdemales was born in Hidalgo del Parral, at an early age he went to Torreón, in Coahuila State, to be a swineherd in a cotton-growing section of Mexico known as La Laguna.

Over the years the Devil kept track of this rascal of a swineherd with keen and admiring interest. When he heard that Pedro Urdemales had died, he ordered his imps to build up a welcoming blaze and stepped into his brimstone palace to wait. Pedro was not long in arriving. Like the good Chihuahuan he was, he walked into hell singing the praises of his home town at the top of his lungs:

*Ay, Hidalgo del Parral, Chihuahua,  
Tierra en donde vi la luz,  
No me alboroten el agua,  
Hijos de la Santa Cruz.*

When he finished his song, Pedro knocked boldly at the Devil's door.

"Who is it?" the Devil barked.

"It's me, Pedro Urdemales."

When he heard Pedro's voice, the Devil rushed out, sprang to his prickly-pear throne, and commanded his imps to pour boiling water on Pedro's head. Impassive as ever, Pedro took off his hat, shook it a few times, and squeezed out the steaming water.

"That little shower was just like the kind we used to have back up in Chihuahua," he remarked pleasantly.

The Devil gritted his teeth. He hollered to the imps to pile more green live-oak wood on the fire. The flames shot up like orange lances. Knowing that his kingdom had never been hotter, the Devil grinned maliciously and asked Pedro how he liked it.

"Well, it is a little warm," Pedro conceded. "It reminds me of the days when I was herding hogs back up in La Laguna."

The Devil flew into a rage. He ordered his imps to poke him with their pitchforks. But Pedro only laughed and said it reminded him of the time he had run after a rattlesnake into a prickly-pear thicket outside of Parral.

At that the Devil sprang from his throne and ground his cloven hoofs in the blazing coals of his kingdom. He rushed over to Pedro and led him into the kitchen, which is and was the hottest room in all hell. "If you won't suffer outside, then suffer in here," he snarled.

Pedro took a long look around. "Warm," he remarked. "It's like a midsummer day back up in Parral, where I was born. Then, too, it isn't much cooler than it was when I was herding hogs in La Laguna."

The Devil bellowed at Pedro never to mention Parral or La Laguna again. He was tired of hearing about them.

"Cook," said the Devil, pushing Pedro toward the brimstone stove.

So Pedro fried beans and made fat tortillas, just as the women had made them back up in Parral. He had even smuggled in some red pepper to flavor the beans. As Pedro cooked, he sang lustily. From his brimstone palace,

the Devil could hear him. Since he doted on long, mournful faces, he winced and clapped his hands to his ears. But Pedro's voice cut through the Devil's defending hands and thundered in his ears.

*Gritaba Francisco Villa,  
En la estación de Calera,  
Vamos a darle la mano  
a Don Pánfilo Natera.*

*Ahora sí, borracho Huerta,  
Harás las patas más chuecas  
Al saber que Pancho Villa  
ha tomado Zacatecas.*

The Mexican imps began to shout "Viva Villa." After a while imps from other nations laid down their shovels, and they too began to shout "Viva Villa," with European, Asiatic, American, and African accents.

The Devil's discipline was shattered, but our Chihuahuan friend wasn't through yet. The dinners Pedro served made the Mexican imps happy and content with their lot, something previously unheard of in hell. But the non-Mexican imps suffered far beyond their normal quotas. The peppers blistered their lips, and after a few days of Pedro's cooking they all began to lose weight. The Devil asked Pedro why.

"I don't know," Pedro said. "It can't be the peppers. Why, back home in Parral all of us grew up on really fiery peppers. What I've been giving the imps can't compare with them."

But the Devil continued to question Pedro, and finally Pedro told him: "They're unhappy because they have nothing to wear. They're envious of the angels with their long white robes."

Pedro even volunteered to make shirts for the imps, and after a while the Devil agreed. So the Chihuahuan settled down to the job of making shirts.

He sewed a big red cross on the back of each. When the Devil and his imps saw the crosses, they scattered frantically, and Pedro was free to climb up to the golden gates of heaven.

He knocked and knocked. Finally he heard St. Peter ask: "Who's there?"

"It's me, Namesake. It's Pedro Urdemales, who was







born in Parral not far from the bridge of Guanajuato and who later lived in La Laguna."

"Go away," St. Peter called out.

"Why, Namesake?" Pedro Urdemales asked.

"Pedro Urdemales," St. Peter said sternly, "two days before your death you killed all the hogs you were herding and sold them. You cut off the tails, stuck them in the swamp, and told your boss the hogs had bogged down. You showed him their upthrust tails as proof. You deceived your boss not once but many times. There is no place for you in heaven."

"Look, Namesake," Pedro said, "it's nice and cool up here, just as it is down in Santa Bárbara—that's a town near Parral—and all I want is a look at this beautiful place so I can tell others about it."

St. Peter, tired of the servility most people assumed in his presence, warmed to Pedro Urdemales. So he opened the gates of heaven a little. Pedro stuck his finger in the tiny opening. "Namesake," he cried, "my finger's caught in the gate. Open it a bit more so I can get it out."

St. Peter did, and Pedro Urdemales tossed his big sombrero through the gates right into heaven. "Namesake, the wind blew my sombrero off. Let me come in and find it."

"All right," St. Peter agreed, "but you've got to leave as soon as you find your hat."

A month went by, and Pedro Urdemales still had not made his requested departure from heaven. Meanwhile, angels complained of mysterious losses. Some of them reported missing feathers and rings. Others said their golden crowns had disappeared. They told the Lord of these strange happenings. "You must be mistaken," he said. "There can be no dishonesty here."

But the complaints grew in both intensity and number. Finally the Lord called St. Peter before him. It was then that St. Peter admitted that he had let a Mexican swineherd named Pedro Urdemales pass through the gates of heaven to look for his hat.

A party of angels set out to hunt for Pedro, but he could not be found. Finally the Lord called a messenger angel to his side. He said: "I want you to fly down to earth and find a Mexican, a peon wearing a big sombrero, and bring him to me."

The angel flapped his wings and flew away. An hour later he came back carrying a Mexican.

"Where did you find him?" the Lord asked.

"I flew all the way to Mexico City," the messenger angel said. "On Avenida Juárez I didn't see a single man like the one you described. All wore U.S.-style hats and carried brief cases. I was tired of flying, so I made myself invisible and got on a second-class bus marked 'La Merced.' A man in the back of the bus had a guitar under his arm. After about a block, he sprang from his seat and started to sing:

*Si Adelita se casara con Carranza  
Y Pancho Villa con Alvaro Obregón,  
Yo me casaba con Adelita  
Y se acababa la revolución."*

The Lord smiled. "What did the other passengers do while he was singing?" he asked.

"They all began shouting 'Viva Villa,'" the messenger angel replied.

The smile on the Lord's face broadened as he turned to the Mexican and asked, "What is your name?"

"Emilio de la Rosa, here to serve you, my Lord."

"Do you know a song called *Corrido del Norte*?"

Emilio de la Rosa nodded happily.

"Then sing it," the Lord commanded.

Emilio squared his shoulders, threw back his head, and sang out as loudly as he could.

*Yo les aseguro que soy mexicano  
De acá de este lado,  
Porque uso de lado sombrero vaquero  
Y fajo pistola, chamarra de cuero,  
Y porque me acostumbro cigarro de hoja  
Y anudo mi cuello con mascada roja  
Se creen otra cosa.*

The angels, all non-Mexicans, flapped their wings in time and tapped their toes on the clouds. There was a collective gasp as a big sombrero came spinning toward them, raising a milky dust.

"Ay Chihuahua, cuanto Apache," a voice shouted. "Viva México! Viva Felipe Angeles! Vivan los dorados de Villa!"

The Lord smiled as Pedro Urdemales hurdled a cloud and sprang into view. He nudged St. Peter and said: "I knew there wasn't a Mexican anywhere who could hear that song and keep quiet."

Then the Lord turned to the messenger angel and asked him to fly Emilio de la Rosa back to Mexico City.

"Lord," Emilio de la Rosa said, "if you'll tell him to drop me off somewhere in the Colonia Zapata I'll be very grateful. At this hour the buses on Avenida Juárez are crowded and I have to transfer twice to get to the Colonia Zapata."

"To the Colonia Zapata," the Lord ordered the angel.

"Adiós, paísa," Pedro Urdemales shouted as the messenger angel placed Emilio de la Rosa on his back. "Many thanks for the song."

The Lord smiled at Pedro, took him by the scruff of the neck, and led him out of heaven. As the gates closed behind him, Pedro leaped into space and that was the last that was ever seen or heard of him. Except in Chihuahua, where stories about him have been told ever since, according to my Uncle Rodolfo. ♦ ♦ ♦

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# The OAS on the anvil

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A DYNAMIC NEW ROLE for the OAS in nuclear energy shaped up as the Inter-American Committee of Presidential Representatives finished a two-day interim session on January 29 in Washington. Perhaps more than any other priority item on the agenda, the atoms-for-peace proposals symbolized the determination to keep the OAS flexible, practical, and abreast of the times.

Clearly, the use of nuclear forces in industry, agriculture, and medicine opens up exciting possibilities for the entire Hemisphere, particularly for the underdeveloped areas. But at this juncture, while peaceful application of the atom is still in its infancy in many countries, what is needed most is coordination of national programs—a job proposed for the OAS by both Argentina and the United States.

Besides recommending the establishment of an inter-American commission as an advisory body of the OAS to promote the peaceful uses of nuclear energy, Argentina proposed an Inter-American Institute of Nuclear Energy, for study, research, and technical training, which would operate as an OAS specialized agency. Pointing to his country as an appropriate location for such a center, the head of the Brazilian delegation, Ambassador Fernando Lobo, stressed "its geographic location, its natural resources, its expanding industries, its specialized scientific institutions, the progress it has achieved in using atomic energy in medicine and in the study of atmospheric radioactivity, its technical advancements in the processing of raw materials. . . ." He also explained that the São Paulo Institute of Nuclear Energy will begin using its research reactor next June.

According to the U. S. plan, Dr. Milton Eisenhower explained, "a few governments might establish large general centers, and through the OAS consultative program these could be made complementary to one another. For example, one might eventually concentrate on atomic engineering, another on medical applications, and another on metallurgical and mineral sciences. Other governments could establish limited facilities and training projects more suitable to their needs and capabilities. The more specialized facilities would consist of, for example, isotope laboratories for medical and agricultural applications. Governments should establish these at existing universities, hospitals, schools, et cetera."

Dr. Eisenhower had announced at the first meeting of the Presidential Representatives last September the establishment by the United States of a training center

for atomic technicians at the University of Puerto Rico, the holding of the first inter-American seminar on nuclear energy at Brookhaven National Laboratory in New York, and U. S. plans to cooperate with the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in agricultural applications of atomic energy. The most pressing need right now is for trained personnel. Starting next August, technical courses will be offered in Spanish at the Puerto Rican center, for which substantial funds have already been committed by the U. S. Government.

OAS Secretary General José A. Mora, as always deeply concerned with OAS responsibilities toward the people of the Hemisphere, reminded the Presidential Representatives that "economic development cannot be separated from human beings. Man is, first and last, the object of all law and the real protagonist of civiliza-



*U.S. delegate Milton Eisenhower addresses second session of Inter-American Committee of Presidential Representatives*

tion." He urged that any future plans include closer ties with businessmen, producers, workers, universities, and private institutions so that "the citizens of our countries will take an interest and participate."

A March 15 deadline has been set for each country to submit agenda proposals. These will be worked over by an interim subcommittee and submitted as a program of action to the third and final meeting of Presidential Representatives on April 29. The subcommittee has split into four working groups, headed by the following ambassadors: Manuel Tello of Mexico, Guillermo Sevilla Sacasa of Nicaragua, César González of Venezuela, and Adolfo E. Vicchi of Argentina. ♦ ♦ ♦

# PAN AMERICAN

## Manifesto

### GABRIELA MISTRAL

On the eighth day of January of this year Gabriela Mistral died of cancer in Hempstead, Long Island. But from as long ago as 1914, when the "Sonnets on Death" were first published, her own symbolic triumph over death has been a matter of poetic record. Interestingly enough, many critics have felt that these sonnets contributed largely to her being awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1945. As all who mourn her will surely turn to her volume *Desolación* (1922), so will those who share her love for children always cherish the collection called *Ternura* (Tenderness), which she dedicated to them in 1925. The poetic passion for order and equity in *Tala* (*A Felling*) will, likewise, be a recourse and an inspira-

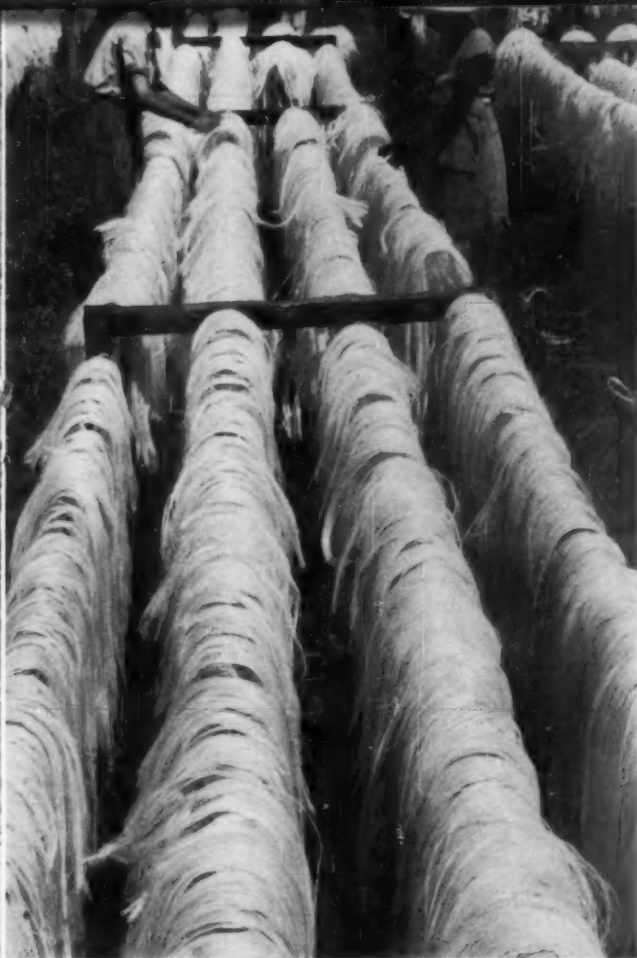
tion to all engaged in the struggle against social and political abuse.

The manifesto reprinted here was written for the first Pan American Day, April 14, 1931. In the form of a pledge for youth, this statement of her hopes for the Americas is, like many of her works, a prose poem; it reminds us of her devotion to youth and education, a field in which she also had a distinguished career. The Chilean poetess assisted the Government of Mexico in developing its libraries and rural school system. She was an active member of the League of Nations Institute of Intellectual Cooperation; and in 1931 she came to the United States to teach at Middlebury and Barnard colleges.

... together we shall give a new keynote, a new rhythm, a new democratic interpretation ...







*... the earth seems to be more ready, more eager, and quicker than elsewhere ...*

WE OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA have accepted with our heritage of geographic unity a certain common destiny that should find a threefold fulfillment in our continent in an adequate standard of living, perfect democracy, and ample liberty.

We whom Providence has favored by giving us an immense territory for our home had first to take possession of this mighty land. Our second task was to secure from the wilderness we had tamed that social well-being promised by democracies to their citizens. Our present duty is to create a culture worthy of our racial inheritances and our geographic endowment.

We have enough land that no one need be envious of his neighbor, a republican sobriety to which vicious luxury is repugnant, a unanimous religious and lay sentiment that considers fair dealing the only lasting basis for world relations, and scenic beauty such that peace appears the natural state for the Americas.

Throughout our 105 degrees of latitude, the earth seems to be more ready, more eager, and quicker than elsewhere to fulfill its mission of bestowing happiness on mankind. Perhaps because the soil of America has been less exhausted by a long succession of generations, or because it is more richly blessed with the generative elements of heat and moisture and less burdened with

*... from the wilderness we had tamed, that social well-being promised by democracies ...*

population, it lends itself more readily than other lands to the men who, moved by the ideal of justice, strive for the equitable distribution of wealth and for a civilization woven in a shining pattern of good will on the warp and woof of the social virtues.

Heirs of the Old World and of at least two native cultures, we are endeavoring to outstrip both Europe and our indigenous empires in the perfection of a democracy that shall express the broadest possible concept of human liberty. Our very situation, between Europe and Asia, obliges us to comprehend conflicting viewpoints; even our coast line, looking both to east and to west like that of Greece, gives us the mission of welcoming different races with understanding.

We must realize that the fact that two cultures differ outwardly does not imply that one is necessarily inferior to the other, and that the expression that human groups give to the same idea is sometimes simple and touching, sometimes nobly beautiful. We should begin in this very Hemisphere, with a loyal interpretation of North by South America, of South by North America: Our first duty is to our nearest neighbor. A better understanding of the rest of the world will come later, and be as natural for us as following a well-known path down which habit leads us.

Latin culture has found in the nations of South America a realm vaster than the classical Mediterranean basin for the government of men according to its own high standard, while all cultures are trying to achieve in Anglo-Saxon America, so far without misadventure, the ideal of universal brotherhood in a single land. And until today no attempt to realize this ideal had met with success anywhere in the world.

Our heroes of North and South America, Washington and Bolivar, Lincoln and San Martin, might all have been fashioned in a single hour, in the same mold; they were laborers in a common task. Our constitutions, the fruits of their insight, were inspired by equal vision, and have the family resemblance of plants nurtured in the same soil.

Anglo-Saxon America, sprung wholly from Europe, has succeeded, more or less easily, in its task of amalgamating in new surroundings the great cultures of Europe. Latin America has effected, and is still effecting, with greater difficulty and therefore more suffering, the fusion of European and Indian, two races of distinct physical





*We have summoned men from the four corners of the earth. . . .* endowments and even more distinct emotional temperaments; the triumph over such obstacles is more significant than anything hitherto accomplished by man.

North Americans and South Americans, together we shall give a new keynote, a new rhythm, a new democratic interpretation of European culture, European insti-

*. . . scenic beauty such that peace appears the natural state for the Americas.*

tutions, and European customs, art, education, and science, blending them into a harmony of greater beauty and greater sweetness.

We have summoned men from the four corners of the earth with an utter lack of prejudice and with the hospitality of our far-flung shores, creating on our continent races in whose features may be traced their heritage from all the world—races capable of enlarging the older classical view of life, and capable, too, of living the epic of the future.

In American stock and American ideals, both formed in an environment of vast spaces and little hampered by tradition, unprejudiced observers have noted a splendid assurance in the face of our high adventure, and a happy confidence in the future. We believe that war will seem to the next generation of America like an illustration in a musty tome, an ancient order belonging to times forever gone, thanks to the wisdom of our lawgivers and our educators. The effect of war in America would be to devastate our entire continent, despoiling its natural beauty and depraving the collective conscience so that we should once more have to lay the foundation and laboriously reconstruct the edifice of society. The memory of the building of America is too recent for us to be willing thus to jeopardize the work of our forebears.

We of North and South America have been nurtured on twenty-one constitutions, all of which proclaim respect for the independence of others as a basic principle of self-respect. Our republics were launched in life by Washington and Bolivar under the auspicious star of the rights of nations. From the kindergarten through the university we have been indoctrinated with a firm belief in the gospel of our national laws. Americans all, we affirm to the heroes from whom we are sprung our determination to hold the independence of all our fatherlands as sacred as our own. We renew our vow that, in the intercourse between these twenty-one nations, we challenge injustice as a blot on that glorious honor by which we now and shall forever live. ♦ ♦ ♦



# KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' ARCHAEOLOGY?

Answers on Page 38



1. This page from the Aztec manuscript known as the Codex Telleriano Remensis, to which a Spanish explanation has been added, records the death of Chamalpopoca and the election of Itzcoatl, predecessor of Montezuma I. Who was the last of the line of Aztec *caciques*, Cuitlahuac, Montezuma II, or Cuauhtemoc?



2. Only nobles, priests, and the priestesses of the sun were allowed into the sanctuary and citadel of Vilcapampa, now called Machu Picchu, of which this is one of the many stone stairways. Was Machu Picchu the capital of the Inca empire, a favorite residence of the Inca's, or the educational center of the empire?



3. Has the central figure of the Monolithic Gateway to the Temple of the Sun in Tiahuanaco, Bolivia, been identified as Viracocha, the Creator; as the great Inca Pachacutec; or as the culture-hero Manco Capac?



4. This sculpture of a dance is from the indigenous civilization that occupied the present-day Mexican states of Jalisco, Colima, and Michoacán. Would you say that civilization was Zapotecan, Tarascan, or Pueblo?



5. This hollow clay figurine, probably Calchaquí (or Diaguita), from Santa María, Catamarca, northwest Argentina, corresponds approximately to the Tiahuanaco time horizon. Would you class it as pre-Incaic?



6. This figure urn from Maracá, near the Amazon River in northeastern Brazil, has been related to the archaeological sequences established for the Andes. True or false?

7. This Chac-Mool, as such reclining figures are called, stands at head of stairway of Temple of the Warriors. Famous for its colonnade with life-size low-relief portraits of sixty-one warriors in full regalia, it can be seen at —, in northern Yucatan. Fill in the blank.



8. Three dignitaries in spotted jaguar skins and quetzal feathers are being attended by their servitors in this mural painting from the recently discovered site of Bonampak. Would you say this was a Maya, Aztec, Chibcha, or Chimú site?



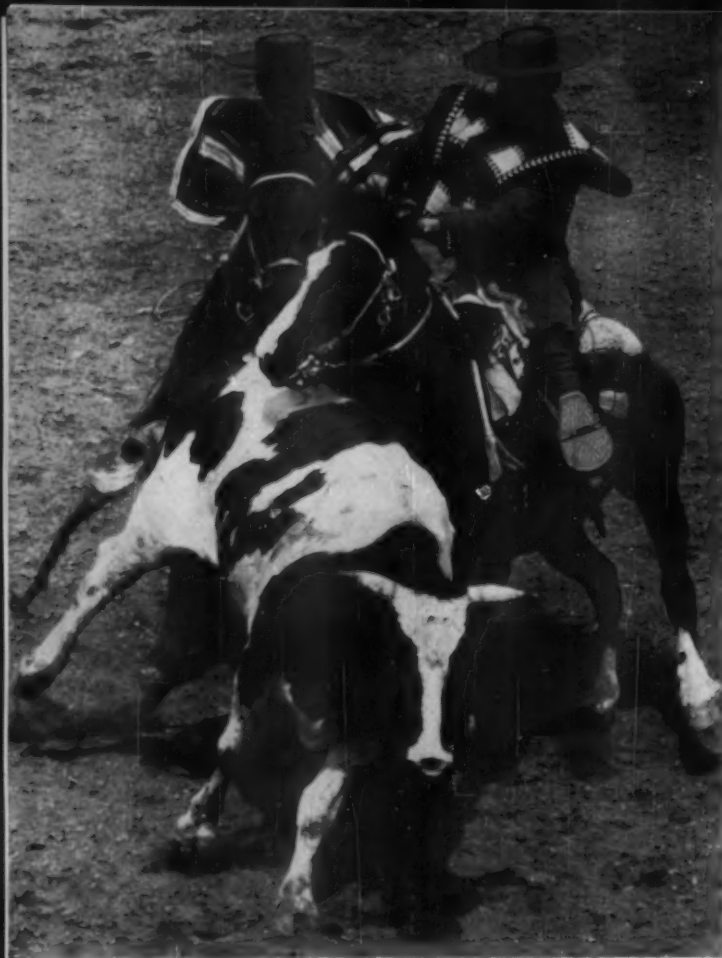
9. Manabí, Ecuador, is best known archaeologically for its stonework, including the unique U-shaped stone seats that rest on crouching human or animal figures. The chair pictured here was found near site of a Caras temple. Are the Caras thought to have been invaders from what is now Peru, from Venezuela, or from the Guayas Valley?



10. Would you say this famous clay portrait jar from the Mochica civilization of the north coast of Perú is known as the Nun, the Blind Man, or the Mastercraftsman head bowl?







*Turning a thousand-pound bull on the run, these two huasos are both cooperating and competing for rodeo honors*



## CHILEAN STYLE

GEORGE PICKOW

WHERE YOU FIND COWBOYS, there you'll find rodeos—athletic endeavors in which horseman and horse, especially the former, risk life and limb in the name of competition and fun. The contests and settings may differ slightly from place to place, but the ingredients are basically the same: a sawdust-covered arena, a herd of ill-mannered cattle, the inevitable cowboys, and an expectant audience.

In Chile, the *huasos*, as its flamboyantly dressed cowboys are known, disdain the use of ropes during rodeo exhibitions and concentrate exclusively on horsemanship. The brave bulls they pursue about the ring are neither roped nor tackled. Instead, the horseman attempts to drive the animal into a burlap barrier. Only young bulls are used.

The *huasos* work in pairs, but in effect they are competing with each other. One drives the bull about the arena until the animal, which may weigh a good half ton, is in mad flight. At this point, the other *huaso* drives his horse toward the bull, forcing him toward one of

two burlap barriers on either side of the ring. Meanwhile, of course, his so-called partner continues to prod the animal from the rear, attempting to prolong the calf's headlong dash around the ring. Not only must the bull be pinned against the barrier, but his forward motion must be stopped within the bounds of two small flags that surmount the padded portion of the wall. Prizes of either money or medals may be awarded to the most expert pair of horsemen.

During the entire spectacle, which runs from mid-morning until late afternoon, several decorative Chilean girls, complete with guitars, wildly serenade the crowd. Their songs, if incongruous, add to the good humor and general uproar.

In central Chile the rodeo season coincides with the grape harvest. Often the show is a benefit performance, given to raise money for a church or a school. Farther south, around Valdivia, an interesting variation of the rodeo called the *trilla* is staged as a symbolic harvest festival, accompanied by a big barbecue. Freshly cut grain is spread on the ground and a bunch of stamped-in horses are herded over it to thrash the grain with their hoofs. ♦ ♦ ♦

*The noted U. S. photographer GEORGE PICKOW has traveled extensively in Latin America.*



**1** *The performers parade around rodeo ring*



**2** *They pair off, as the bulls file into pen behind portable fence*



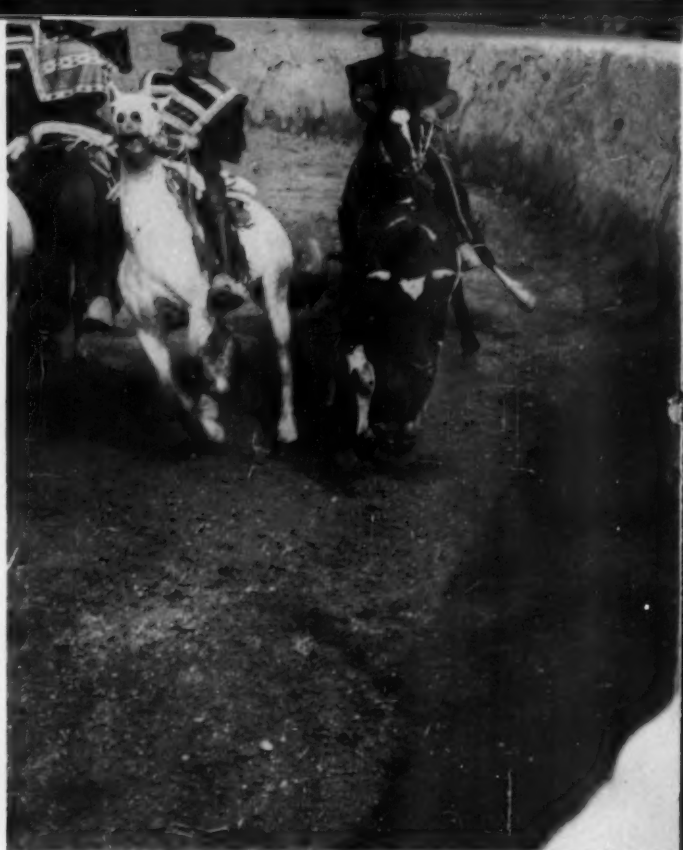
**3** *The flag is raised to tune of national anthem*



**4** *The huasos begin to cut their animals out of corralled herd*



**5** Proceeding to ring to wait their turns



**6** Contest begins as bull is spurred into flight, gathers momentum

**9** Horse must stay behind horns but forward of body



**10** Bull is clamped against barrier in a cloud of dust







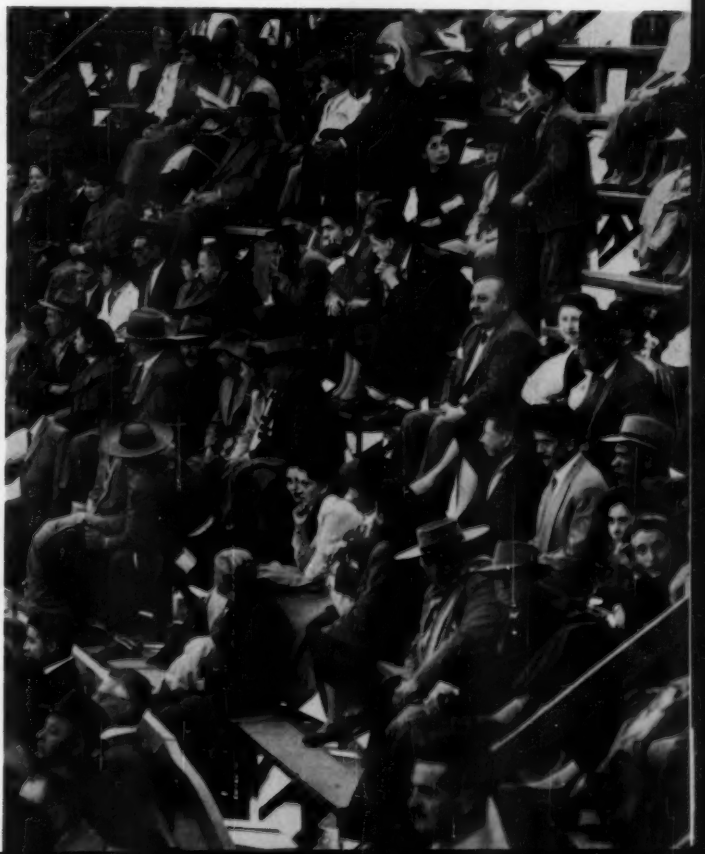
**7** *Frantic bull proves difficult to control*



**8** *Horseman tries to force bull toward barrier*



**11** *Another perfect score between marked white lines*



**12** *Huassos mingle with crowd, who are also entertained by singers*



## EMBASSY ROW

AS A BOY, Panamanian Ambassador Ricardo Manuel Arias Espinosa went to school in the same building in Panama City where years later he reached a pinnacle of his political career: as President of Panama he convoked the meeting of American Presidents and was one of nineteen Hemisphere chief executives to sign the Declaration of Panama on July 22, 1956. Dr. Arias had been Second Vice-President from 1952 to 1955, when he was called upon to serve out President José Antonio Remón's term after his untimely death. After last year's election, President Ernesto de la Guardia, Jr., appointed him Ambassador to the United States and to the OAS.

Ambassador Arias feels that the OAS has made its most outstanding contribution in the economic field and that the Inter-American Economic and Social Council has done an effective job in the Latin American nations.

"Without underestimating the work of the Inter-American Council of Jurists and the Inter-American Cultural Council, there isn't the least doubt," he says, "that ECOSOC has brightened Latin America's future considerably. The Technical Cooperation Program, throughout five years of growth and experimentation, has earned the confidence of the American governments. More effective application of statistics; the use of local material in housing construction; the program to develop more accurate evaluation of natural resources; technical training to improve farming procedures and rural life in general, through the Institute of Agricultural Sciences at Turrialba, Costa Rica; the scientific, systematic campaign to combat foot-and-mouth disease, which could virtually wipe out the livestock industry—all are graphic examples the people can see and understand."

Ambassador Arias was born on April 5, 1912, into a family that has long been eminent in public life. He went through high school at the La Salle School (now Colegio de San Agustín) in Panama City and attended Georgetown University in Washington. On his return to Panama, he undertook a double career in industry and in politics. He has been director of several prosperous Panamanian enterprises and has held various cabinet posts in different administrations.

The affable Panamanian Ambassador has an abiding interest in child welfare and, as Minister of Labor, Social Welfare, and Public Health, promoted more and better playgrounds. Also an enthusiastic supporter of amateur athletics, he plays golf in the low seventies and has represented Panama in international tournaments. ♦ ♦ ♦



Mrs. Olga Arias with year-old Alvaro Alfredo, youngest of four children. Ricardo Alberto, seventeen, is studying at Pennsylvania prep school. At right, Mrs. Carmen Arias, Ambassador's mother



The two daughters, Olga, fourteen, and Ana Teresa, twelve, attend school near Washington. Here they greet Brazilian President Kubitschek at the Panama meeting in July 1956

## WHAT TO READ?

WRITING in the Mexican weekly paper *Unión*, "Argos" points out a problem that has arisen as a result of the recent literacy campaign:

"... While the Government and individuals have jointly undertaken to teach more Mexicans to read, no one has bothered to provide good reading material and to instill good reading tastes.

"The statistics . . . are discouraging: more people know how to read, and new publishing houses have been established; yet, since they have hardly enough to live on, the people cannot buy more books, and the publishers cannot lower their prices because of the high cost of paper, machinery, labor, and so on. Furthermore, since there is no consistent effort to encourage selectivity among potential readers, there is not enough of a market for publishers with high standards to put out good books in large quantities, which would, of course, lower costs.

"On the other hand, the comic-book publishers have reaped a fabulous harvest. Many print more than a hundred thousand copies a week, against the five or, at most, ten thousand of any serious periodical.

"*Unión* reporters . . . interviewed ten students; all preferred exciting comic books, which, unfortunately, often defend crime and immorality. However, five said they rarely buy them. Only two said they occasionally read other sorts of books.

"These comic books have increased alarmingly in number. The National Union of Parents has opposed some of them, and this past year many have been withdrawn from public sale. . . .

"All this has brought the lack of attractive, instructive, up-to-date children's literature into the open. Youngsters of past generations read the stories of Calleja, Jules Verne, Emilio Salgari, and others. Today, something is needed to take their place.

"But not only children read these comic books. . . . Some government employees pool their resources each week to buy comic books and romantic novels, which they pass from one to another for spare-time reading. . . .

"Newspaper readers are the largest group, and in the last five years dozens



of dailies have cropped up. The public is most interested in sports, police activities, politics, and social notes. The dailies no longer serialize popular novels. . . . The larger papers have a Sunday literary section, but in most instances it is beyond the average reader. . . .

"Among those who regularly read books, all we interviewed complained of high prices . . . and the scarcity of publishers subsidized by the Government or supported by cultural associations, who could put out popular editions, as the National University . . . and the Ministry of Public Education used to do. . . ."

## BOON TO BUILDING

AN ARTICLE in *Brazilian Business*, a monthly published by the American Chambers of Commerce for Brazil, tells of a prospering new building method:

"Concreto Redimix S. A. sold its first ready-mixed concrete in Rio on January 4, 1955. Now . . . Redimix sells to over two hundred customers, including about thirty of the biggest building firms in Rio and São Paulo; last July production was up 30 per cent over June in both cities, and in August it ran 25 per cent over July; next June, when the company's fiscal year ends, the directors hope to pay a substantial dividend if the building trade holds as steady as it has up until now.

"This happy state of affairs was not achieved without overcoming several obstacles, the main one being the traditional . . . reluctance to accept change and new methods of doing things. Redimix has broken down this barrier in two ways. To prove the quality of their product they invite

builders to visit their super-modern laboratory where concrete is tested daily, and where customers may avail themselves free of charge of the company's fullest technical assistance and laboratory facilities. Before filling any order they insist on complete details of the building for which it is to be used, and if they do not feel that the mix specified is strong enough, they insist on strengthening it. . . . Says Mr. Chave, director of the company in Rio, 'You can only establish your reputation through time, patience, and consistent good performance.'

"Although building costs are often calculated so loosely that it is hard to make a comparison, Redimix [officials] estimate that their system comes out at least one hundred cruzeiros cheaper per cubic meter than the job-mixed system of mixing concrete. They have had effective proof of the power of this selling point in the jump in sales since the minimum-wage law was voted. The new minimum wage has increased Redimix costs by only twenty cruzeiros a cubic meter (the company needs only one hundred employees, including office help, between Rio and São Paulo), whereas it increased the cost by one hundred cruzeiros a cubic meter for job-mixed concrete. The maximum Redimix has poured on one job in one day is two hundred cubic meters of concrete but with present facilities it could pour . . . [enough] for a complete ten-story apartment house in three days.

"At first the job of lining up suppliers proved to be a problem. Cement is normally sufficient to meet the demand in Rio and São Paulo, and, ac-



cording to Mr. Chave, locally made cement compares favorably with that produced anywhere in the world. However, supplies of sand and stone were more difficult, as Brazilian suppliers are slow to recognize the advantages of selling all their output to one steady customer. . . . Therefore, sources at first were irregular and uncertain. However, now that Redimix has established its reputation and been accepted by the leaders of the building trade, suppliers have done a typical about-face and are anxious to sell all their output to the company. . . .

"Redimix has a capital of sixty million cruzeiros, of which 51 per cent is owned by the Australian company Ready Mixed Concrete Ltd. and an American group of investors. The other 49 per cent of shares was sold on the local market. . . . The São Paulo operation is a separate company of which the Rio company owns 51 per cent. The Australian company,

which is the largest ready-mixed-concrete company in the world . . . has twenty-two plants operating in Australia, ten in England, one in Düsseldorf, one in Singapore, besides its investment in the companies in Rio and São Paulo.

"Redimix is now operating with three plants (Botafogo, Cajú, and Inhauma) and twenty-four trucks in Rio and three plants and twenty-four trucks in São Paulo, and has two plants in reserve to install when the demand justifies them. The company is still running at about 50 per cent of capacity in both cities, can expand considerably, and is already making plans to move into Belo Horizonte and Recife, and later into Porto Alegre and other cities where the population, building activity, and cement supply justify a plant. The Brazilian Cement Association has recommended eight other cities that meet these requirements, and Redimix eventually plans

to form a chain of wholly or partially owned subsidiaries, which will operate throughout Brazil and will benefit from standardization and flexibility in the interchange of equipment and staff. . . ."

## PROPER OR NOT?

THE DICTIONARY defines *piropear* as "to compliment or flatter," but the custom (or art, if you will) as practiced in most Latin American countries is unique. The men express their appreciation of feminine beauty with eloquent and well-chosen remarks, whenever and wherever the notion strikes.

Recently a Salvadorian mother wrote to José Bruin, who has a weekly educational radio program, complaining that her daughters were being subjected to what she called an abuse of the *pirope*. His reply appeared in *Cultura*, bimonthly publication of the Salvadorian Ministry of Culture:

" . . . Is this sort of flattery correct or not? It all depends on the person you ask. . . . The learned man, absorbed in . . . scientific studies and burdened with responsibilities . . . , will classify it as an irrational upheaval of glandular secretions.

"The optimist, intensely interested in life and its pleasures and blessed with good digestive and circulatory systems . . . , will smile beatifically and complacently accept it. . . .

"The nervous, restless man whose liver or pancreas functions poorly thinks the *pirope* is a hellfire-and-damnation offense. The Calderonian school is the only one for him—punishing offenses, defending honor, whipping villains, hanging anyone who transgresses against righteousness, propriety, or seriousness. . . .

"The *pirope* has a special significance for each person. . . . For the boor, it is raw material; for the sensual person, an incentive; for the neurotic, a complex; for the young, a promise; for the old, a memory; for the crude, an absurdity; for the poet, an inspiration. . . .

"Like it or not, the *pirope* comes to mind . . . and is translated by our lips . . . into lyrical expression. We would have to be totally lacking in aesthetic appreciation . . . to be indifferent to a beautiful woman's face;

APR. MÉDICO LÚBICO MANIPULANDO PARA AL-  
LIVAR A EXPERIÊNCIA SINISTRA DO INOCENTE  
BOTINHO.



A mad doctor about to behead an innocent cat in some diabolical experiment?

NÃO, APENAS REBO UM ANIMALCULO, DON-  
DADO OPORTUNIDADE AO SEU FELIZ BOTINHO EM  
NAQUINHO DE CARNE.



Not at all. A kindly butcher giving his pet a morsel of meat.

UM HORRÍVEL MARCIANO BICEFALO IN-  
VADE A TERRA?



A two-headed Martian monster invading earth?

NÃO, APENAS ISSO, NUMA CORRIDA DE 100 METROS, O FABULOSO ZATÓPEK ULTRA-  
PASSA UM CONCORRENTE.



Not at all. The fabulous Zatopek overtaking another runner in hundred-meter dash.

Popular Brazilian cartoonist Carlos Estêvão shows how deceiving appearances can be.—  
O Cruzeiro, Rio de Janeiro



"Needless to say, it was the sculptor's last work."—Tribuna Libre, San Salvador

deaf, to ignore the sprightly staccato of tiny feet; blind, not to appreciate the bright smile that lights up red lips; stupid, not to understand that universal language of love and hatred that can be read in women's eyes. . . .

"If we enjoy classic beauty—[the works of] Michelangelo, Goya, Beethoven, Espronceda, Bécquer, and others— . . . why shouldn't we express our admiration . . . for passing beauty, in this case a woman? And if the artist—painter, musician, sculptor, writer, or poet—translates beauty into verse, essay, musical note, or flower . . . , why is it so strange for those of us who are not talented . . . to express ourselves in the only way open to us. . . ? Doesn't the oxherd . . . have the same emotions as the gentleman dancing to the strains of a Strauss waltz?

" . . . Among the lower animals, the males are showier in appearance. Take the lion with his splendid mane . . . and the peacock with his multicolored tail feathers. The blackbird, the canary, the linnet, and many other birds captivate the females with their melodious songs. . . . In contrast, man has only one recourse—flattery. The opportune *piropo*, expressed artfully and with finesse, more than makes up for other shortcomings. . . .

"In Andalusia, land of the Spanish feminine prototype, the *piropo* . . . neither surprises nor offends, since it is always taken as heartfelt homage to beauty. What's more, if for any reason a man neglects to compliment a woman, she will frown and look hurt. . . .

"Back to the original question: is the *piropo* proper or not? It would be interesting to learn the opinions of various women from different social levels. . . . If they reply in the negative, let them say why they primp and put on make-up."

## HATS OFF

THIS debunking piece is by an anonymous male contributor to *Mundo Uruguayo*, popular general-interest magazine published in Montevideo:

" . . . A good friend of mine, whom we shall call Mauricio, had a spendthrift wife. He couldn't trust her with any money without risking its disappearance within a few hours. Argument, logic, reproach, nothing helped. Sympathizing with Mauricio's problem . . . , I proposed a rather daring scheme. At the end of the month, my friend turned over his entire salary to his wife . . . and told her: 'You and I and our daughter must live on this for a whole month. Remember the rent, gas, electricity, telephone, and the rest.'

"The wasteful woman, suddenly invested with responsibility, resisted the temptation to buy a fur stole and turned out to be a skillful household administrator. Not only did she pay the . . . bills on time and provide her small family with regular meals, but in the course of a year she saved enough to buy a beautiful Persian rug for the living room. And I'll vouch for the authenticity of this seemingly incredible story. . . .

"A hundred, or even fifty, years ago, young ladies thought it little short of scandalous to bother with financial matters. When they planned to marry, everything about the dowry, monthly allowance, and the like was agreed upon by the couple's parents. . . . In brief, women then had only to give the unpaid bills to their fathers or husbands. This absurd state of affairs gave rise to the myth about women being hopeless spendthrifts. Admittedly, the fault was not theirs. Not knowing the value of money, they were in no position to act wisely in financial matters. . . . What's more, in their eyes, husbands were all-powerful administrators from whom they got money by calling on the subtle art of coquetry.

"The situation has obviously changed. . . . Today young housewives know the exact value of money. Nonetheless, the serious misapprehension that women are money-spending machines lives on. . . ."

## LITTLE GIRLS' BEST FRIENDS

DOLLY [sic] MEJÍA toured a Colombian factory to find out more about "the small world where dolls are born." Her report appeared in *Cromos*, weekly magazine published in Bogotá:

" . . . Cellulose acetate is the basic material in doll-making. The granulated plastic, which arrives in huge wooden casks, is . . . subjected to high temperatures so that it will liquefy. An injector machine then forces it into a mold, which applies 275-ton pressure at cooling temperatures. The plastic solidifies, and the doll's head and body emerge in two sections, front and back, which . . . are glued together by hand. Polishers then smooth over any rough spots. Other skilled hands put the eyes into a small machine that expands the sockets and forces the eyes into place. These eyeballs . . . are shipped to the factory by the thousands. . . .

"A separate group of workers prepares a special fiber . . . that is stronger than human hair and is just as manageable and glossy. Wigs are made with different hair styles: pony tail, chignon, pageboy, braids. Some are left loose so that little girls can arrange their choice of hair-dos. These wigs are firmly attached to the head after the face has . . . been expertly decorated with rosy cheeks, red lips, and arched eyebrows. . . .

"In a special sewing room, seamstresses create thousands of . . . blouses, skirts, dresses, slips, and lace panties . . . , which are put on the dolls with infinite care. . . . Once the diminutive shoes and socks are on, the doll is finished. . . .

"They also make baby dolls that drink from bottles and wet their diapers. These are made from . . . a liquid vinyl material that . . . is poured into molds . . . and baked at high temperatures. The liquid solidifies until the finished parts are of the same consistency as rubber. These are assembled . . . , and the dolls are painted and clothed. . . ."

## WOODCARVER'S OUTPOST

WRITING in the new Chilean monthly *Pomaire*, Alfredo Hoppe Boock tells about the carved wooden figurines that play a significant role in the symbolic and religious life of the people on Rapa Nui, or Easter Island:

"... According to tradition, the king, Túu-Ko-Iho, who introduced the art of woodcarving on Easter Island, is as well known and venerable as ... the first king to settle on the island. ... The woodcarvers all preferred *toromiro* wood because Túu-Ko-Iho used it to make the first known figures. Long ago *toromiro* abounded near Mataverí, which is now the site of a Chilean air-force base and a proposed intercontinental airport. Today a single *toromiro*, the last symbolic heir of the great Túu-Ko-Iho, stands at the foot of Rano-Kau crater. The best efforts of the Chilean Ministry of Agriculture have failed to halt this species' march toward extinction.

"Just how Túu-Ko-Iho came to make the first figures of *tatanes*, or devils, which are still being carved on the island today, is a matter of legend. ... This is the story as an Easter Islander tells it:

"... One morning Túu-Ko-Iho set out for Vinapú. Along the way he came across two *tatanes* sleeping in a place called Punapú. ... He took advantage of the chance to look closely at ... these strange creatures with human bodies, sunken bellies, and large protruding ribs, but without flesh or intestines. As he watched ... one of the spirits that inhabit the island called to the *tatanes* that Túu-Ko-Iho was looking at them. He departed hastily and continued on his way to Vinapú, unaware that he was being followed. The *tatanes* suddenly assumed human form, approached the King, greeted him cordially, and asked:

"On your way from Punapú have you seen anything strange, a lady or anyone else?"

"No. I'm alone and haven't seen anybody or anything."

"The *tatanes* said goodbye and quickly disappeared into a near-by stone funeral monument.

"The King knew perfectly well that one word about what he had seen would mean a trip to the next world.



Figurine of the sort made by Túu-Ko-Iho on Easter Island centuries ago. Woodcarvers there today still copy original style.—Pomaire, Santiago

"After talking it over, the *tatanes* decided to question Túu-Ko-Iho again. Detouring along the coast road and assuming different appearances, they asked:

"You've come a long way. Didn't you see two men sleeping by the trail?"

"No, I haven't seen anybody or anything," answered Túu-Ko-Iho.

"Once more they bade him a courteous farewell and disappeared. They were convinced that the King had seen nothing and decided to let him alone for a while.

"Túu-Ko-Iho sought refuge in a friend's home in Vinapú. He tried hard not to forget how the *tatanes* looked. ... Meanwhile, however, the *tatanes* had hidden in the thatched roof so that they could eavesdrop on Túu-Ko-Iho's conversations with his host. But the King said nothing of the macabre sight. On the morning of the third day the *tatanes* left. ...

"Almost immediately Túu-Ko-Iho left for Tepeu, where he took a piece of *toromiro* and, with the help of about a dozen men, began carving the figures of the *tatanes* ... which he hung on the wall in his house. From that time on, it became known all over the island as the house of the *toromiro* figurines, and everyone copied them. ...

"The outstanding woodcarvers on Easter Island today are Santiago and Timoteo Pakarati, Ramón Hei, Pedro Atán, Carlos Teao, Timoteo Haoa, and Pablo Paté.

"Among the principal wooden ob-

jects copied from ancient models is an ornament in the shape of a half moon with human heads on the ends. It measures about a foot at most and is used by the women as a pectoral adornment.

"The *tahonga* is a heart-shaped piece of wood with stylized men or birds carved on it. It was used during the initiation ceremony for adolescents. ...

"The *ua* ... , shaped like an elongated oar, has two human heads at one end and seems to have been used as an oar, a mace, and an emblem of chieftainship. The *ao* and the *rapa* have blades or shovels on the ends. On one there is a stylized face; the other bears various decorative figures. Both must have been used in ceremonial dances, perhaps as wands.

"The *ika* is a carved fish whose body is rigidly arched, with a prominent head and a thick snout. The *mokomiro*s were intended to keep evil spirits out of the house. They rested, like so many stylized lizards, in the doorway. ..."

## PRACTICA

Dibujos de Salvador PRUNEDA



—Véndale la cara a mi marido, se cuando mirate.  
—¿Cómo?  
—Si abre la boca y habla, está mintiendo.

"By looking at my husband's face, I can tell when he's lying." "How?" "If his mouth is open and he's talking, he's lying."—El Nacional, Mexico City

## ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 29

1. Cuauhtemoc. 2. The Inca's favorite residence; it was also his last refuge from the Spaniards. 3. Viracocha, the Sun God and Creator. 4. Tarascan. 5. Yes. 6. True. 7. Chichén Itzá. 8. Maya. 9. From Venezuela. 10. The Blind Man. But it is identified with the style of the Master-craftsman period of the coastal civilizations.





## BOOKS

### RECENT LITERATURE IN BRAZIL

**MONTANHA**, by Cyro dos Anjos. Rio de Janeiro, Editora José Olympio, 1956. 391 p.

**GRANDE SERTÃO: VEREDAS**, by João Guimarães Rosa. Rio de Janeiro, Editora José Olympio, 1956. 594 p.

**RÉQUIEM PARA OS VIVOS**, by Rolmes Barbosa. Porto Alegre, Editora Globo, 1956. 316 p.

**CLOVIS BEVILÁQUA**, by Lauro Romero. Rio de Janeiro, Editora José Olympio, 1956. 345 p.

**A VIDA LITERÁRIA NO BRASIL: 1900**, by Brito Broca. Rio de Janeiro, Edição do Ministério de Educação e Cultura 1956. 330 p.

**ROTEIRO LITERÁRIO DO BRASIL E DE PORTUGAL**, by Álvaro Lins and Aurélio Buarque de Hollanda. Rio de Janeiro, Editora José Olympio, 1956. 369 p.

**MONTEIRO LOBATO: VIDA E OBRA**, by Edgard Cavalheiro. São Paulo, Companhia Editora Nacional, 1956. Two volumes: 375 p. each.

**MEUS VERDES ANOS**, by José Lins do Rêgo. Rio de Janeiro, Editora José Olympio, 1956. 351 p.

**MOCIDADE NO RIO E PRIMEIRA VIAGEM À EUROPA**, by Gilberto Amado. Rio de Janeiro, Editora José Olympio, 1956. 450 p.

*Reviewed by Maria de Lourdes Teixeira*

The bumper crop of Brazilian books during the last six months must impress anyone familiar with our publishing business. Not only the quantity is striking, but

the quality as well—some are really excellent. We have the latest products of established writers and works by new authors who reveal genuine talent, and the phenomenon is apparent in the most diverse branches of literature.

Let us start with the novel, choosing three from among the many in this very active field: *Montanha* (Mountain), by Cyro dos Anjos; *Grande Sertão: Veredas* (Great Wilderness: Trails), by João Guimarães Rosa; and *Réquiem para os Vivos* (Requiem for the Living), by Rolmes Barbosa.

With *Montanha*—the title refers to the geography of the author's native Minas Gerais State, which is not only the scene but the subject of the book—Cyro dos Anjos abandons his former attachment to the psychology of the individual to focus on society. This change of emphasis makes possible new perspectives, new approaches to people, space, time, situations, and conflicts. *Montanha* is a long novel, analyzing the Brazilian political atmosphere with bitter realism, painting events and characters in somber colors. The one bright spot is the admirable personality of the young girl Ana Maria. In this study of a woman's nature Cyro dos Anjos shows himself to be the same keen analyst as in his earlier books, *O Amanuense Belmiro* and *Abdias*, which have won a name for him from the leading Brazilian critics as one of our best novelists, as a direct descendant of Machado de Assis.

A critical and polemical work, designed as an attack on our political processes, *Montanha* touched off arguments in the literary press that are still going on—some reviewers expressing nostalgia for the author's first phase, others saluting the present book as a fresh conquest for his talents. But they all agree on the sureness of his craftsmanship and the purity of his style, which raise this novel to a high rank in contemporary Brazilian literature.

There is not the slightest doubt that *Grande Sertão: Veredas*, the 594-page first novel of the short-story writer João Guimarães Rosa, is the most important Brazilian literary event in recent times. The reason is both its intrinsic beauty and its strangeness, which has aroused controversy and stimulated analysis.

It is a rich, complex, multi-faceted book—the first volume of a projected trilogy—demanding profound, even exhaustive, critical study. There is something of the medieval romance, of the legends of chivalry, in this story of a group of primitive backwoods people in the author's native state, Minas Gerais, revolving around a band of outlaws led by the extraordinary Diadorim. If the story itself is fascinating, no less so is the atmosphere created by João Guimarães Rosa—the product of a sensibility applied to a knowledge of all the elements of nature, of observation of everything about the plains of Minas Gerais, captured by senses as acute as antennae.

But even that is not all. There is another element fundamental to the distinction of *Grande Sertão: Veredas*—its revolutionary language, whose importance to Brazilian literature is being hotly discussed in our best critical circles. Let us see briefly what constitutes this literary revolution, comparable only to the one touched

off by Mario de Andrade almost thirty years ago and still influential in our literature.

Guimarães Rosa has created his own language. Entirely new, plastic, picturesque, musical, poetic, now popular, now erudite, absolutely adaptable to the needs of the fabulous world inhabited simultaneously by his human and mythological characters. Fundamentally regional, it is not, however, limited to the sources from which it bursts so vehemently. It expands in lively rhythms, it contorts itself, it grows, it employs all the resources of art, popular speech, and culture, it does not recognize incongruity or the shackles of custom. Not without reason has there been talk of Joyce. But this is a supremely Brazilian Joyce, with eyes and ears attentive to the fabulous American world, yet not alien to the ages of civilization and culture.

It is a pity that *Grande Sertão: Veredas*, like the previous works of one of our best writers, is absolutely untranslatable; it must be read in the original—and by someone who knows our language and our country through and through.

Not for many decades has a book created such a stir. It has been compared in some respects to Euclides da Cunha's *Os Sertões (Rebellion in the Backlands)*; it has been described as a Brazilian *Don Quixote*. But actually João Guimarães Rosa is not descended from any of these dynasties. He is solitary, original, profoundly Brazilian yet universal in the humanness of his creations.

Another first novel is that of Rolmes Barbosa, previously known for his book of essays *Escritores Norte-Americanos e Outros. Réquiem para os Vivos* is an evocation of the changing scene in the city of São Paulo through several generations of a family.

A well-constructed novel, it is also valuable as a social and historical reconstruction of São Paulo's and Brazil's past, through minute drawing of customs, places, and even dialogue. Diligent and patient in the preparation of his works, Rolmes Barbosa did not shirk the job of setting the scene of his agreeable first novel and has achieved great verisimilitude in social panorama and characters. Having a story to tell and knowing how to tell it, he has also brought to life old Piratininga in a suspenseful narrative that has reminded some critics of the Bernanos of *Dialogue des Carmélites*. It would appeal to any public and could be easily translated.

A book of a different sort is Lauro Romero's *Clovis Beviláqua*, an excellent biography of one of the strongest and most limpid figures in Brazilian intellectual history, the illustrious jurist who wrote our Civil Code. It covers all the aspects of a long life (he died at eighty-four), studying him as philosopher, jurist, sociologist, writer, scholar, and at the same time a man whose extraordinary goodness and forbearance gave him a quality almost of saintliness. But there is more to the portrait than these personal elements; it is filled out with a study of his times and environment that conveys a complete understanding of his achievements and of a whole long period in Brazilian intellectual life.

Clovis Beviláqua, born on October 4, 1859, grew up in an era when the theory of evolution was regarded as



a valid scientific criterion for examining social affairs. Educated at the Recife School, an academy of law that shared with that of São Paulo the intellectual responsibility for the younger generation, he studied under Ihering, who was active in vanguard movements in sociology, history, and philosophy.

In a career that ran from 1877, when he published his first works, till his death in 1944, Clovis Beviláqua wrote a long list of works in many fields, ranging from scientific monographs to works of literary criticism. The most outstanding are those on law, his major field, a vaunted monument in Brazilian culture.

A solid, well-documented work, familiarizing the reader with the problems and discussions of the various periods in Beviláqua's life and career, the volume contains a complete list of his works, a bibliography, and an index of proper names cited in the text. It is unfortunate that these appendices do not also include an outline of Beviláqua's life, which would make the volume easier to refer to.

Brito Broca's *A Vida Literária no Brasil: 1900 (Literary Life in Brazil: 1900)* is deservedly both a critical and a popular success. This is more than merely a statistical and chronological literary inventory; it is a lively reconstruction of figures and atmosphere. Like an old but familiar movie it unfolds before our memory the whole Brazilian "Belle Époque," with its frock-coated, top-hatted poets and novelists, its social chroniclers, *l'art nouveau*, the magazines that to contemporary taste verge on the ridiculous, the literary salons, the first automobiles—"those beasts from Mars touring Earth"—and many other images of an era that seems as distant from ours as those of the Greeks and Aztecs.

Besides these historical facts, snapshots of city life, and true anecdotes, there are extraordinarily well done

portraits of personalities from our past, seen in highly picturesque and often unfamiliar attitudes. Poets, novelists, critics, journalists, chroniclers, all appear in magnificent close-ups that demonstrate the author's ability to transcend the role of historian and capture a society.

Brito Broca's ability to re-create as well as narrate make his book a definitive work, indispensable to the student of Brazilian literature and at the same time enjoyable for general readers of all kinds. It will be of value both to historiographers investigating a certain period of our national life and to sociologists, who can extract profound deductions from what the layman considers merely picturesque or extravagant.

*Roteiro Literário do Brasil e de Portugal* (Literary Itinerary of Brazil and Portugal), compiled by Alvaro Lins and Aurélio Buarque de Hollanda, is a two-volume anthology whose publication has been awaited for some years. The first volume contains selections from more than sixty Portuguese writers, the second from almost ninety Brazilians, and the editors have promised us a third volume devoted to living authors, since the present two deal only with the dead.

This is a work of which I can find only two criticisms to make, both concerning the title: "Literary Itinerary" sounds rather as if the books were a tour of Brazil and Portugal through their writers; and, since the anthology contains selections from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it might have been better to reverse the order and say "Portugal and Brazil."

But this is of small importance. What matters is the tremendous service Alvaro Lins and Aurélio Buarque de Hollanda have performed for the Portuguese language in choosing with such discrimination the selections most characteristic of the various periods. They have managed to present them not as geological specimens but as cut and polished gems, through which readers can sense the best stylistic attributes of each author and connect him with eras, movements, and generations. This excellent anthology can serve, among other purposes, as a useful tool for both the native and the foreign student of the Portuguese language and of both countries' literature.

*Monteiro Lobato: Vida e Obra*, Edgard Cavalheiro's two-volume biography of the distinguished author of *Urupês* and *Cidades Mortas*, has been one of the biggest popular and critical successes of the year. This honest book brings to life Lobato's towering personality in all its power. Cavalheiro knew him well, and he has had access to an enormous body of documentation—an extraordinary archive bequeathed to him by Lobato himself, graphic material, a copious correspondence. Though he shows himself always to be the loyal friend of his subject, he does not allow himself to be ruled by his affection. Critic and essayist, not merely a biographer, he remains faithful to the demands of historical truth and steers clear of the dangers of apologetics.

Lobato was a communicative man, and Cavalheiro's association with him led to an intimate knowledge of both sides of his life. For Lobato was both a theoretician and idealist and a man of action. He was a writer (among other things, he created Brazilian children's literature), a

publisher (he started his publishing firm to give currency to the ideas expressed so powerfully in *Urupês*), a man who did not shrink from difficulty or controversy. Cavalheiro has labored devotedly to build up a picture incorporating all he knows about him: his struggles and campaigns; his points of view on São Paulo, Brazil, the world, society, the human race, aesthetics; his reminiscences of his childhood, his grandparents, and the mansions of imperial days; his awakening to literature; his friends and contemporaries; his courage and leadership. In short, the whole strong, good man.

The completeness of this fascinating biography, in setting Lobato against his times, makes it an essential contribution to the social and political, as well as the literary, history of the period it covers. To unanimous critical cheers, the first edition sold out rapidly, and the second is now also disappearing from the bookstores.

Two books of reminiscence, both by established writers, have done very well lately: *Meus Verdes Anos* (My Green Years), by José Lins do Rêgo; and *Mocidade no Rio e Primeira Viagem à Europa* (Youth in Rio and First Journey to Europe), by Gilberto Amado.

In the former, the great Northeastern novelist who wrote the "Sugar Cane Cycle" re-creates his childhood on his grandfather's plantation in that region, embroiled with the primitive elements surrounding him. It is a delightful book, and its virtues are those of the author's other works: humanity, narrative ease, colloquial language, the unmistakable stamp of real and spontaneous people.

Gilberto Amado's book, the third volume of his memoirs, is also outstanding, but for reasons that are entirely different from, even opposed to, those responsible for the excellence of José Lins do Rêgo's. Here it is the author's admirable style, his literary qualities, his sensitive and keen spirit refined by long association with the best of Europe.

This account might well embrace many other books: Cassiano Ricardo's *João Torto e a Fábula* and *O Arranha-Céu de Vidro*, Augusto Frederico Schmidt's *Poesias Completas*, Guilherme de Almeida's *Camoniana*, Antônio Olinto's *Nagasaki*, and Paulo Bomfim's *Armorial*, among the poetry; Alceu Amoroso Lima's *Introdução à Literatura Brasileira*; Luís da Câmara Cascudo's *Geografia do Brasil Holandês*; and some works by newcomers to fiction, among them Heloneida Studart's novel *Dize-me teu Nome!*, João Uchoa Cavalcanti's novel *João*, Samuel Rawet's short stories *Contos do Imigrante*, and Saldanha





Coelho's novel *Memórias de Inverno*. Many new editions of worthwhile older books also appeared: to mention only a few, the sociologist Sérgio Buarque de Hollanda's great *Raízes do Brasil*, various works by Marques Rebelo, and Herberto Sales' excellent novel *Cascalho*, which presents a complete and vivid picture of a certain mining zone in Brazil.

Maria de Lourdes Teixeira of São Paulo is AMERICAS' literary correspondent in Brazil.

## BOOK NOTE

RAÍCES, photographs by Fina Gómez, text by Pierre Seghers, translated by Juan Liscano. Paris, Intercontinental del Libro, 1956.

The black-and-white photographic studies of driftwood in this well-made volume would be much less effective without the accompanying poem, by Pierre Seghers, that they inspired. The poetry, translated into Spanish by Venezuelan Juan Liscano, is about the things that cover the earth. It is clearly symbolical. By a kind of synecdoche, driftwood—some of it roots (*Raíces*)—is made to stand for the forms, real and imagined, that clothe the earth. By taking, or singing about, a part, the poet succeeds in celebrating the whole. The things seen or simulated in the driftwood do, as the poetry implies, seem to spring out of nothing, constantly defeating nothingness. By intention, then, the poem seems to be an anti-existentialist lyrical tract. It is certainly a paean to the creative power of imagination in a world of contingencies and an ode to the thrust of life in its changing cycles. The driftwood is

used as a material in the way children mold clouds into objects of fantasy. It assumes the forms, for example, of a sea serpent, of a Keatsian "watcher of the skies" with folded arms, of drapes, a griffin, a phoenix, a Greek torso, cobras about to strike, of a Grahamesque ballerina, an octopus, a praying mantis. Viewed aesthetically, however, some of the photographs, while interesting in texture and reference, are unsuccessful as design. They were taken by Fina Gómez on the coast of Barlovento in her native Venezuela.—V.T.

## PAN AMERICAN PACKET

To help schools and organizations plan their celebrations of Pan American Day, April 14, a packet of materials is available free to teachers and group leaders. It contains:

1. A three-color poster, 11 by 14¼ inches.
2. "Do It Yourself" on Pan American Day, an illustrated guide for leaders and organizers, with action photographs of outstanding community observances, club programs, and so on, held last year.
3. *Calling the Youth of America*, a pictorial presentation of selected programs and projects carried out by students and teachers from primary grades through college, with teaching aids and resources.
4. *The Pan American Story*, a brief description of the evolution of Pan Americanism and the OAS.
5. *The American Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Man*: the text of this document subscribed to by the twenty-one American republics.

Requests for the packet should be addressed to the Office of Public Relations, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C.

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27 No. 1, Jim Mitchell, Courtesy U. S. Department of Agriculture  
28 Foto E. Dahlberg, Stockholm  
29 PAU  
34 Nos. 1 and 2, PAU—No. 3, Courtesy Ambassador Arias  
43 No. 2, Foto Ilio, Buenos Aires—All others, PAU  
Inside  
back cover Ricardo Rasetti, courtesy Venezuelan Ministry of Education

Driftwood photograph from *Raíces*





## FOTO FLASHES



**José Antonio** Fernández Muro and Sarah Grilo, an Argentine husband-and-wife team of non-objective painters, had their first U.S. showing at the PAU. At the opening are Argentine OAS Ambassador Eduardo Augusto García; Dr. Adolfo Vicchi, Argentine Ambassador to the United States; Mr. Federico del Solar Dorrego, OAS Alternate Representative of Argentina; Mr. José Gómez-Sicre, Chief of the PAU Visual Arts Section; and Dr. Alberto J. Prando, Cultural Counselor of the Embassy.

**The Panamanian-born** violinist Alfredo de Saint-Malo, now on the University of Texas music faculty, drew high praise from critics for his PAU recital. An outstanding chamber-music player, he attended the Paris Conservatory and was very popular in Europe. In Boston in the late twenties, during a U.S. tour with Maurice Ravel, he joined the composer in the first performance of his Sonata in G Major for Violin and Piano.



At a luncheon marking his forty-eighth anniversary as PAU publications agent in Argentina, Mr. Eugenio C. Noé (center) received a scroll honoring him for his services, presented on behalf of the OAS Secretary General. Here he chats with Fortunato Desimone, Acting Director of the Department of International Organizations of the Argentine Foreign Ministry, and Enrique Abal, Director of the PAU office in Buenos Aires.



**Bolivian** Under-Secretary of Labor Adalid Balderrama, in Washington to collect material for a book on comparative labor legislation, called on OAS Secretary General José A. Mora.

**A Chilean** labor group, representing several transport unions in Valdivia, Santiago, and Valparaíso, discusses workers' education with Dr. Juan Marin, Director, PAU Department of Cultural Affairs.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### PROTEST FROM CRISFIELD

Dear Sirs:

In the article "Forgotten Island" (December English), the author writes of Crisfield as "strictly Cannery Row." Not that it makes much difference, as I have seen a number of articles at different times about Tangier Island that were better written and much more illuminating than the one you carried, but it would seem that the author was peeved because he had to stay in Crisfield overnight, and I presume that about all he saw of the city was the downtown waterfront, and even it has some redeeming features. I feel sorry for the poor fellow, as he evidently picked a disappointing assignment, looked for the worst instead of the good, and I rather expect suffers with indigestion.

We would welcome a visit to Crisfield by any member of your staff, to show that Crisfield is *anything but* strictly Cannery Row.

E. L. Quinn  
Editor, *The Crisfield Times*  
Crisfield, Maryland

*We are sorry reader Quinn feels that Mr. Alig's impressions are unjustified. Neither he nor AMERICAS intended any slur on the town. The author points out that he considers Steinbeck's Cannery Row a literary masterpiece, and Crisfield's atmosphere reminded him of the book. Also, as Mr. Quinn will remember, Mr. Alig was quite taken with several members of the local population. AMERICAS hopes to accept soon the invitation to visit Crisfield; it sounds like an interesting spot to us.*

### BULLFIGHT IN BAKERSFIELD

Dear Sirs:

Our Spanish Club here at North High School plans to put on an all-school assembly to celebrate Pan American Day during the week prior to April 14. As the highlight of our assembly, we would like to stage a mock bullfight. We have already imported a straw bull's head from Spain and have sewn it to a bull's costume. The costume is large enough so that two boys will make a very realistic bull. But we will need many other costumes in order to make this event as colorful as possible.

We would be grateful to readers who could help us secure costumes for staging the mock bullfight. We would like to make Pan American Day the most successful event of the year at North High School. In preparation for this event, the students have already made flags of all the Latin American countries. The Spanish Club is also preparing songs, dances, and skits of the Americas.

Walter E. Pederson  
300 Galaxy Avenue  
Bakersfield, California

### BIBLE CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

Dear Sirs:

The church is the primary international organization of the world, with a deep interest in fostering amicable relationships among the various countries of the world. As a small personal contribution to this aim, the writer, together with other interested persons, conducts Bible correspondence courses in English, French, Portuguese, and Spanish that are sent gratis to those who desire them.

L. D. Lawrence, Jr.  
Church of Christ  
Nashville, Tennessee

### NEW ESCUTCHEON

Dear Sirs:

As a new subscriber to AMERICAS I would like to observe that the coat-of-arms of Peru, published on page 37 of the November English edition, is no longer in use.



The correct form of the coat-of-arms of my country, as established by Law 11323 of March 31, 1950, is pictured in the enclosed illustration (at left, above; old form at right).

Lt. Col. Alejandro Villanes Velis  
Lima, Peru

### MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses and be able to write in at least two of the official OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

Juan Oller (E, S, Catalan)  
Poste Restante 26  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

June Crawford (E, S)—H  
404 South Hickory Street  
Streator, Illinois

Lucia Goycoolea (E, S)  
Castro 283  
Santiago, Chile

Marcella Wright (E, S)—H  
104 Grove Street  
Streator, Illinois

Raimundo José Cabial (E, F)  
Rua Capuraquê No. 82, Floresta  
Belo Horizonte, MG, Brazil

Paul Quinn (E, F)—H  
216 S. Vermillion Street  
Streator, Illinois

Franco Bertolla (E, S, F)  
Calle Murature 669  
Punta Alta, F.C. Roca  
Buenos Aires Province, Argentina

Horacio José Callegari (S, F)  
Pio Díaz 2315  
Sáenz Peña, F.C.G. San Martín  
Argentina

María López Casado (S, F)—C  
Bartolomé Mitre 383  
Concepción del Uruguay  
Entre Ríos Province, Argentina

Waldemar Guimarães (E, F)\*  
Rua Arará 744, Apto. 202  
Grajá, D.F., Brazil

Dorothy V. Shelley (E, S, F)—C  
4 Kings Avenue  
Ealing, London W. 5, England

Marie Ann Cullom (E, S)—H  
Bellflower, Missouri

Peter Schwab (E, S)  
Zapata No. 1  
Vedado, Havana, Cuba

Luz María Guzmán Valdés (E, S)  
Calle Bernarda Morin 566  
Santiago, Chile

Angelina Silva (E, S, F)  
San José 70  
Asunción, Paraguay

Juan Altimira Villanueva (E, S)  
Calle Tres Cruces (Huerta Turull)  
Sabadell, Barcelona, Spain

Gloria Jiménez (E, S, F)—C  
Notre Dame College  
Baltimore, Maryland

Pvt. Pedro J. Serrano Agosto (E, S)  
ER 10420656  
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James Koval (E, S)—H  
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126 Wilson Avenue  
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Legionnaire López González (E, S)  
MLA 111263  
24 R.E.I. - 31ème Section 5° C.E.  
Fes, Morocco

Jorge Raúl Salazar (E, S)  
San Lorenzo No. 6773 (R. 101)  
Rosario, Santa Fe Province  
Argentina

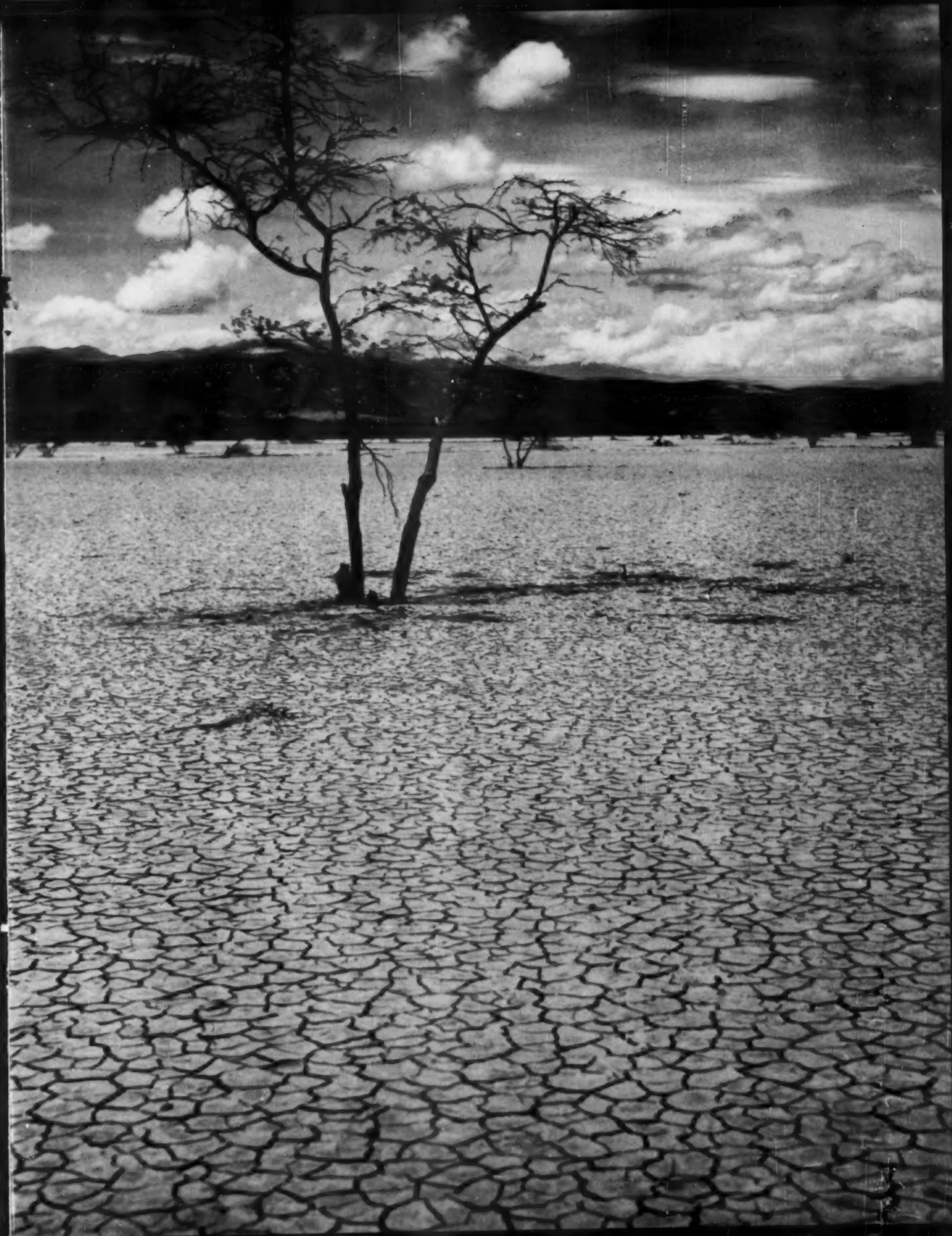
The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.







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**OF**  
**A**ERICAN  
**S**TATES

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